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Freeman tells
ow the U.S. Lost
Money on Gold.
—See page 336

NATIONAL REVIEW

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The Last KENNEDY

RICHARD BROOKHISER

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"We got this oil by cooking rocks."

"Cooking isn't exactly the righ word," says Gulf engineer John Selters. "Actually we heat the rock—oil shale—to about 900°F. heat releases a kind of oil called kerogen. The idea is to refine the kerogen and use it instead of petroleum.

"The oil shale is mined 800 feet down."

"There are huge oil shale depo in America. According to some calculations, these deposits contai much oil as there is in the Middle East.

"Gulf and another oil company equal partners in a project in Rio Blanco County, Colorado, to mak shale oil a practical alternative to expensive imported crude oil.

"It's a costly proposition. We're at the development stage and production is years away. But we'l need the oil then even more than w do now.

"Of course Gulf is still working hard to find and produce all the domestic petroleum and natural g we can. But we're also working ha on alternatives. Oil shale is just on many. It takes energy to produce energy, and at Gulf we're giving it best shot."

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorro

Gulf Oil Corpo

"The liquid is shale oil. The rock is oil shale."

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NATIONAL REVIEW

MARCH 21, 1980
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Letters

Soft on Connallyism

It seems that handsome and charming John Connally can dazzle anybody if he tries—even a NATIONAL REVIEW editor [Richard Brookhiser, "Marching through Georgia," March 7]. I hesitate to put it this way, but I've long suspected that *NR* is soft on Connallyism. Why the gentle treatment? Mr. Brookhiser bows in the direction of conservative complaints about Connally—his shifting position on wage-and-price controls, his opposition to trucking deregulation, his fence-sitting on the right-to-life amendment—but then includes the swipe, "Too many conservatives see him as Nixon in cowboy boots, Moynihan without a bow tie." It appears to this conservative that Connally resembles no one so much as Lyndon Johnson, another Texas activist. Mr. Brookhiser is of course exactly right when he says that we conservatives "simply trust [Connally] to do too many things [we] don't like." It's just not clear whether Mr. Brookhiser is saying that "too many" conservatives feel this way.

Robert Harkness
Warren, Pa.

The One That Got Away

As I was getting my first American haircut thirty years ago in Idabel, Oklahoma, the conversation soon focused on my background. Explaining to the barber that I was a recently arrived refugee from Estonia, I saw his face become increasingly perplexed. Finally he blurted out: "But how come you are white?" It seems he knew that a native of *Ethiopia* should be black. Naturally I remember this incident as both funny and tragic.

It was with similar feelings of tragicomedy that I read in the "For the Record" section of your February 22 issue about the Olympic yachting event being held in Tallinn, the capital of my enslaved homeland, Estonia. In one sentence *NR* has managed to move the Baltic states of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania to the Balkan peninsula, and use the Russianized transliteration Talin for Tallinn.

And where do I see the element of comedy? Well, I predict that in 1992 *NR* will report about the Russians holding the Olympic equestrian competition in Kabul, the capital of Soviet Azerbaijan.

Lembit Savi
Member, Estonian World Council
Little Falls, N.J.

Everybody's Pope?

What makes Michael Novak ["Religion Must Be Seen," Jan. 25] think I regard "atheism as a bulwark of liberal enlightenment," or that I "deplore religion"? In the *Harper's* article at which he takes offense I merely suggested that for a week in October the press—the bulk of it—got swept up in an ecumenical wave and behaved as if John Paul II were everybody's pope and this were one big monolithic Catholic nation.

For intimating such a thing, I have been called an atheist, a Communist, or a Jew by various hysterical letter writers and Michael Novak. I suggest he re-read my article, then guess again.

David Sanford
Managing Editor, Harper's
New York, N.Y.

If David Sanford is a religious man, or even neutral, I'm sorry that I missed the evidence in his article. It is, regrettably, as easy and as subtle a matter to seem anti-Catholic as to seem antisemitic. It is also easy to seem hysterical when writing about a religious leader not one's own, who gave American Catholics one week in the sun out of two hundred years. Reading Mr. Sanford's article once was sufficiently depressing; twice would be more penance than I can bear. Still, I'm delighted if I misread him, not least if he really did detect the extraordinary presence of God Pope John Paul maintained beneath the hoopla.

—MN

Real Nationalists

Just a quick note to remind you, and your printer, that the issue of universals in my article "*NR*'s European Cousins" [Feb. 22] was between nominalists and realists—*not* nationalists! Maybe *NR* editors should read my debate with Armin Mohler in *Criticon* . . .

Thomas Molnar
New York, N.Y.

Paper Tiger or Ferocious Bear?

In response to the debate entitled "Is Soviet Technology a Paper Tiger?" by Edmund Stillman and George M. Young Jr.

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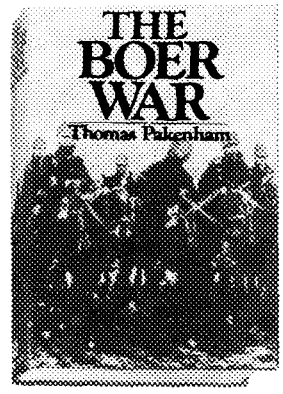

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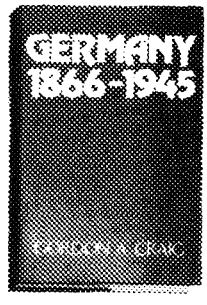

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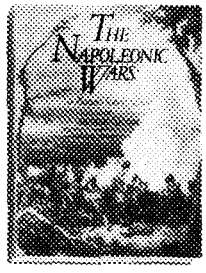

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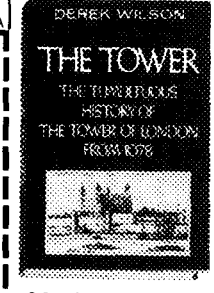

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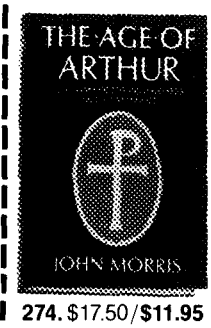

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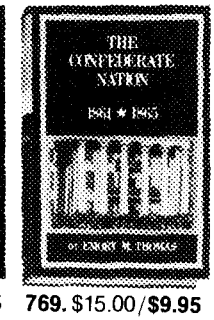

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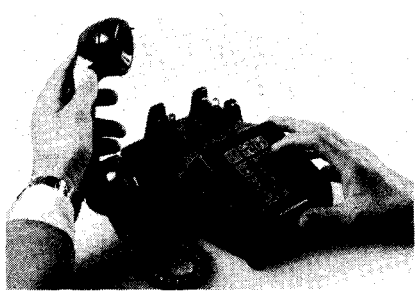

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[Feb. 8], those of us who recall American attitudes toward Soviet science and technology in the days preceding the launch of Sputnik will never again lapse into such a state of complacency. It seems to me useful to distinguish—in America as in the Soviet Union—between applied technology (such as that which is produced by defense-related industries) and the products of industries which work primarily for consumer markets.

Defense contractors are a different breed of cat from their corporate counterparts who produce primarily for civilian and consumer markets. Since they cannot rely upon market data, their management tends to be bureaucratically similar to that found in the USSR. Our defense contractors have accomplished very substantial projects dealing with super-sophisticated weapons, but so have their Soviet counterparts.

Despite our preference for liberty, there is every evidence that totalitarian systems can and do produce technological advances. On the other side of the coin, the standard arguments about the relationship between freedom and technological progress simply do not apply to the military. There is no free marketplace there, even in a free country.

Thomas P. Ustanko
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Virtuoso

Jeffrey Hart ["The 1950s," March 7] rightly includes Benny Goodman's band among the musical groups which shifted popular taste away from solo-oriented jazz into the more corporate swing sound. Let it be noted, however, that Goodman himself has always been recognized as an authentic virtuoso, peer of such as Louis Armstrong and greater even than (gasp) Frank Sinatra—as any listener may tell from numerous recordings, ranging from "Sing Sing Sing" to the Bartok clarinet concerto.

Rick Wagner
King of Prussia, Pa.

Holy War

With regard to Brian Crozier's column on Machiavelli ["President and Prince," Feb. 22], it is interesting to note that the Soviets are following the rules laid down for the ancient Israelites in their conquests. The Israelites devastated cities and killed all their enemies until Saul varied the procedure by sparing the life of Agag, the Amalekite chief, and bringing cattle back to Israel as booty. For this departure from "Herem" (a holy war) Saul "lost favor" with his God and was shortly thereafter killed in battle. The Soviets, without acknowledgment to the Old Testament, follow this "Herem" principle in these modern times.

W. L. Garay
Houston, Tex.

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Valueless Tax

Concerning the efforts of Messrs. Long and Ullman to saddle us with a Value Added Tax ["The Week," Feb. 22], look at the VAT record in European countries. Of course governments love it. Of course taxpayers loathe it. Why?

Because it comes in as a lamb, but grows into an insatiable lion. It may or may not average out as a 10 per cent tax, but American motorists should be told, for instance, that the VAT on new cars amounts to a whopping 25 per cent in Belgium and a stupendous 33 per cent in France.

Mariette Orval
Atlanta, Ga.

Die Laughing

"Welcome to Russia!" ["On the Right," Jan. 25] was delightful. We are so busy thinking about missiles and warheads and silos and tanks and submarines and MIRVs and counterforce strategies and troop strengths and ABMs that we forget about our other weapons—of which humor is one of the most important.

Charles Obler
Boston, Mass.

Hurrah for Harvard

In "The Week" [Feb. 22], you mentioned the recent anti-draft rally here at Harvard. Two notes:

1. Fewer than six hundred people attended the festivities in front of Widener Library.

2. A recent *Crimson* article (of which paper I am an editor) reported that less than 10 per cent of undergraduates consented to sign an anti-registration petition last week in the dining halls.

The student body is not as knee-jerk as you believe. Perhaps there will be a Fifth Regiment Harvard College Corps yet.

David A. Vicinanzo
Cambridge, Mass.

Protectionism

Ferdinand Mount's review ["Spook's Disease," March 7] was a breath of fresh air. I have long been uncomfortable with my favorite political movement's protective attitude toward the CIA. We didn't like it when Dick Tuck pulled the tricks on Republican candidates, or when Walter Reuther wrote Attorney General Robert Kennedy suggesting how conservative organizations might be harassed. Why should foreigners like it any better? Moreover, it doesn't work. I am against neither intelligence gathering, nor small-scale military operations, short of war—helping the Afghan tribesmen, instigating (and following through on) the Bay of Pigs. "To everything there is a season." But let's return these chores to where they belong.

Anne Worth
Burlington, Vt.

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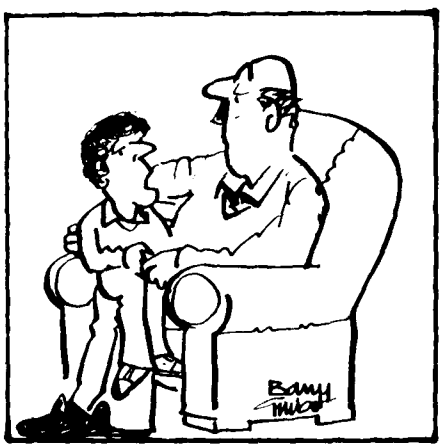
FOR THE RECORD

■ What the media wanted the media got in Massachusetts and Vermont, where their candidate, liberal Congressman **John Anderson**, was up there with the big boys, **Reagan** and **Bush**. Says *Esquire*'s political columnist **Richard Reeves** of Anderson: "If there were a press caucus [today], Anderson would be the front-runner. . . . He is a giant among pygmies." . . . Anderson made his surprisingly good showing in Massachusetts by getting a huge chunk of the independent vote—half of his total vote was from independents—and splitting the moderate vote with Bush. Despite which, conservative columnist **George Will** doesn't think he'll go far: "[He] is the pin-up of columnists not famous for wishing the Republican Party well. He is a Kennedy whose sentences parse, but he has a rendezvous with the wrong convention." . . . If Anderson can't make it, the media's backup candidate is **George Bush**, who is, says U. of Vt. political scientist **Garrison Nelson**, "the first squeaky-clean Eastern Republican candidate in a generation." . . . Or as **Keith Bulen**, Reagan's deputy state chairman in Massachusetts, put it, "We [the Reagan camp] have the Schlitz drinkers, Bush has the sherry drinkers." In the event, there proved to be just about as many sherry drinkers as Schlitz drinkers in the Bay State. . . . Meanwhile, the man in the wings, **Gerald Ford**, is getting some flak from other Republicans for his blast at Reagan as the candidate-who-can't-win. **Barry Goldwater** has come out with a ringing endorsement of the Reagan candidacy. "Reagan is the man best equipped to lead the nation." . . . And Sen. **Ted Stevens** (R., Alaska)—the Acting Senate Minority Leader in **Howard Baker**'s absence—says he doesn't think Ford should be making remarks "about the electability of other Republican candidates"—an allusion to Ford's losing the White House in 1976 to **Jimmy Who?** . . . With New England behind him, Reagan looks ahead to the South, where he's always been strong. A recent *Texas Monthly* poll, which had **John Connally** leading Reagan 2 to 1 six weeks ago, showed Reagan ahead with 33.7 per cent, as against 32.8 for Bush and 25.4 for Connally, in a poll taken *between* Iowa and New Hampshire. . . . When asked, while campaigning in **South Carolina**, whether he didn't worry about other candidates breaking the Eleventh Commandment (Thou Shalt Not Speak Ill of Any Other Republican), Reagan said no: "I worry about their breaking some of the other ten." Any in particular? "Thou Shalt Not Bear False Witness."



Gurbutt, England — Rothco

"What did you do in the last cold war, Dad?"

■ No one's the media hero among the Democrats, but **Jimmy Carter** has the White House—and most polls. . . . Latest **Dardan** polls in the South showed Carter leading **Kennedy** 6 to 1 in Florida, Georgia, and Alabama a week before those races. . . . And he has the troops. In two weeks before the Illinois primary, dropping in on that state were: **Rosalynn Carter** and **Joan Mondale**, AgriSec **Bergland**, LaborSec **Marshall**, TransportationSec **Goldschmidt**, CommerceSec **Klutznick** (Klutznick!), **Jody Powell**, and ACTION Director **Sam Brown**. . . . Kennedy has none of this, plus: "The hard truth," say **Evans & Novak**, "is that he [Kennedy] is an indifferent, inconsistent campaigner—not in the same class as his brothers. . . . He cannot stir the unconvinced, which is the mark of a great campaigner."

■ Speaking of popularity, the Soviet Union's has plummeted. According to **Gallup**, the highest approval rating the USSR ever got from Americans was 45 per cent, in 1973, during the **Nixon** Administration and shortly after the **Brezhnev** visit. By January 1980, shortly after the Soviets' Christmas invasion of **Afghanistan**, it was down to 13 per cent. . . . In addition, a recent **ABC/Harris** poll shows Americans to be positively bellicose. They would, 67 to 23 per cent, approve use of American troops to withstand a Soviet invasion of **Western Europe**; by 75 to 18 per cent, approve use of U.S. troops to defend the **Persian Gulf** oil routes; but they would not, by 48 to 36 per cent, favor use of U.S. forces against a Soviet invasion of post-**Tito** Yugoslavia. Question: Has the average American noted that on most questions of import in the UN Yugoslavia has a) supported the Soviet position and b) led and supported Third World anti-Uncle-Samism?

■ Flagging the *Guinness Book of World Records*: It must be a first, the libel judgment against **Bernard Gladsky** of Baltimore, brought by his sister Gloria, for having caused to be inscribed on their father's tombstone the inscription: "Stanley J. Gladsky, 1895-1977, abused, robbed, and starved by his beloved daughter."

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THE WEEK

■ Okay, kids, here's the deal: you don't have to fight for Texaco, but to save gas, we're raising the driving age to twenty-five.

■ Oops. Quiet (shhh) diplomacy took another tumble when Jimmy Carter and Cy Vance somehow failed to transmit to UN Ambassador Donald McHenry instructions to support a Security Council resolution condemning Israeli West Bank settlements only after references to occupied Jerusalem were deleted. Apparently those guys are so diplomatic they can't even understand each other. Anyway, McHenry went on to make a little inadvertent history by voting with the rest of the gang, 15 to zip, for the unexpurgated version. Only after an uproarious reaction from Israelis, American Jewish leaders, media entrail-readers, and of course Rabbi Edward Kennedy did the White House issue a statement explaining that it was a goof, flub, boo-boo, please disregard. Now back to Iran and SALT II.

■ In 1977, shortly after Jimmy Carter invaded the real world, it came to light, thanks to the *Washington Post*, that the CIA had been making furtive payments to allies in the Middle East, notably $10 million to King Hussein of Jordan. Carter was outraged and ordered the practice stopped, reports Daniel Drooz in *Politics Today*. Carter was warned that this would mean cutting off payments to the potentially restive mullahs of Iran, the consoling of whom may have cost as much as $400 million per year; and that the result could be vastly increased opposition to the Shah. But the President did what was right. And that's how Jimmy Carter brought integrity to the Middle East, where it belongs, and where it has remained ever since.

■ He is older now than Ronald Reagan would be at the end of his first term, but Jacob Javits has decided to give the old heave-ho for six more years in the Senate. Among those urging the most liberal Republican since Horace Greeley to run again were Javits's conservative Republican colleagues in the Senate. The reason: the GOP cherishes hopes of winning control of that house of Congress for the first time in 26 years. If Javits stepped down, however, his seat might very well fall to a Democrat—Bess Myerson, Representative Elizabeth Holtzman, or John Lindsay (sufficient time having elapsed since his last bit of public service to make another Lindsay campaign at least thinkable).

■ By the reasoning behind the reservation of a fifth of the seats in Zimbabwe's hundred-member parliament for Rhodesian whites, the votes in the British-sponsored election would be so scattered among a parcel of black aspirants that none would achieve a parliamentary majority. Thus a coalition, with whites an essential element, would have to be put together to run the country. The extent of Marxist Robert Mugabe's election victory—two-thirds among black voters and a distinct majority overall—undermines that calculation. In high probability, the result puts Mugabe in position to override constitutional safeguards designed to last for specified intervals and purporting to require parliamentary unanimity for amending certain portions of the fundamental law. On his day of triumph, Mugabe took to TV and radio to talk the language of moderation—hinting of drawing old enemies, including even Ian Smith, into the government. Such a metamorphosis in an old hand at terrorism would be remarkable if it were sustained, but temptations toward the typical African pattern of one-man/one-vote/once are likely to be strong.

■ Now, the gas gap. Not gasoline—poison gas. The Soviets have been supplying it to Indochinese allies and, currently, appear to be using it themselves in Afghanistan. Western military experts are increasingly concerned lest the Soviets put it to work in Europe—so as, for example, to cripple the transportation systems of major cities during a surprise attack on West Germany. Many Soviet tactical missiles are already equipped with lethal gasses, and Moscow may have as many as 100,000 trained chemical-warfare specialists. The U.S. has about two thousand. The poison gas issue is both concrete and metaphorical. It suggests Soviet concern for: a) international conventions; b) world opinion; c) what Brezhnev has called "the correlation of forces." Pick one.

In Darkest Sweden

Though Swedes abhor oppressors,
  Last week they gave the works
To somber-hued Athenians
  And olive-tinted Turks.
In trying to determine
  Where Sweden went astray,
I'd say they hate oppressor-types—
  Ten thousand miles away.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

On the accounts of a number of pundits, the liveliest presidential campaign in town is that of Gerald R. Ford. That old gang of his is milling around, figuring the possibilities and spoiling for a rematch first with Reagan and then with Carter. Principal players in the behind-the-scenes maneuvering are Stu Spencer (of Spencer, Roberts fame in California politics), Jack Marsh (a former congressman from Virginia, later a Ford White House aide), and the redoubtable Melvin Laird. Rumors are swirling now that the former President has cleared his schedule for the spring primary season and is poised to propel himself into the fray. By the time this column finds print, his decision will be bumping up against a wall of practical deadlines.

D-Day for the former President is March 19, the day after the Illinois primary. Conventional wisdom has put the date months earlier. Indeed, we have seen late-February press reports to the effect that so many filing dates have passed that the gate has *already* been closed to late starters. (Both George Bush and Howard Baker, not surprisingly, have been soothing their backers with this line.) A close look at the numbers suggests otherwise, however. By the time Illinois rolls around, only nine of the 35 GOP primaries will have been held and even if Reagan continues to run up victories, it does not follow automatically that he will be running up an insurmountable lead. In the first consideration, most of the primaries award delegates on a proportional basis. Thus in New Hampshire, while Reagan crushed his nearest opponent by more than 2 to 1, he captured just over 50 per cent of the delegates. The other delegates were awarded to Bush, Baker, and (pending a recount) Anderson, all of whom can be expected to join a stop-Reagan and maybe a push-Ford movement at some point along the campaign trail. (The tail-enders, by contrast, who managed to win no delegates in New Hampshire, represent fundamentally pro-Reagan constituencies. Connally, Crane, and Dole fall into this category.)

Various other considerations that may work against an early KO for Reagan include a) the fiscal reality that he must husband his remaining campaign funds or risk breaking federal law by exceeding his spending limit in the final weeks before the national convention (at this writing, Reagan has already spent three-fourths of his $17.7-million allocation); b) the fact that several large states will select delegations not legally bound to any candidate; and c) the chronological reality that many of the delegate-rich industrial states come late in the primary season, when a well-funded Ford might have a chance to repeat his 1976 victories over a retrenching Reagan. Ohio and New Jersey are conspicuous examples. They will select 143 delegates between them, potentially enough to offset an expected unit-rule victory for Reagan in the 168-delegate California primary. All three primaries—together with six others awarding a total of 117 delegates—will be held on June 3, the last day of the primary season. The harvest of delegates that day—428—represents 43 per cent of the votes needed to win the nomination.

These calculations, as we say, are scampering around the capital, animating Ford's influential and remarkably cohesive government-in-exile. Our own view is that the odds remain extremely long on a successful 1980 campaign by Gerald Ford. It *is* late in the game. While we concede that a Ford nomination is both legally and arithmetically possible, it is also organizationally, financially, and ideologically implausible.

■ The Ford boomlet has made one dent already. Following the Bush collapse in New Hampshire, the mischievous media were ready to give Howard Baker a ride. Baker has been hanging back in third place, doing his homework and making friends. His chance to become the Official Media Alternative to Reagan came somewhat earlier than he had anticipated—after New Hampshire rather than after Florida. Unhappily for Baker, his chance may have come *too* early, early enough in fact for Stu Spencer & Co. to get on the horn with the upbeat analysis outlined above. The speculation about Ford has frozen the expected flow of support from Bush and Anderson to Baker.

■ Is Carter going to wage-and-price controls? We do not have the definitive answer to that question, but we do know that the question is being addressed at the decision-making level of the White House (where's that? you ask) and that if the answer is affirmative, the likely target date is May-June. The immediate imposition of controls might well backfire before election day; a mid-summer move would look like crass political maneuvering; and a move in the fall would come too late to be of political advantage. We regret the cynicism. It isn't ours. —CATO

■ Let's see. Liu Shao-ch'i, denounced during the Cultural Revolution as a "renegade, traitor, and scab" with a "bourgeois soul," has now been rehabilitated as a "great Marxist." Liu's posthumous beatification was ordered by Deng Xiaoping, himself purged during the Cultural Revolution as a "capitalist-roader." Deng's underlings further declared that the practice of pasting up critical wall-posters "had hampered the people in the normal exercise of their democratic rights." *First moral:* All Communist leaders blacken their predecessors and honor their predecessors' enemies. *Second moral:* Such shifts in the party line occasionally foster a measure of free expression. *Third moral:* Not for long.

■ In an essay titled "The Present Danger," *Commentary* editor Norman Podhoretz discerns, approvingly, the rise of a new American nationalism and the final shaking-off of the bogus "lessons" of Vietnam. "Nevertheless," he warns, "something is still missing from the new nationalism." What? "The problem is that a key term has quietly disappeared from the discussion of the Soviet-American conflict. The term is Communism. One would think from most of what has been said in recent months that the Soviet Union is a nation like any other with which we happen to be in competition. . . . But as it is, . . . the Soviet Union is not a nation like any other. It is a revolutionary state, exactly as Hitler's Germany was, in

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the sense that it wishes to create a new international order in which it would be the dominant power and whose character would be determined by its national wishes and its ideological dictates." *NR* columnist Brian Crozier has nicely baptized the conceptual category in which Soviet Communism belongs: "structural state fanaticism" (see page 337). Lacking any other kind of legitimacy, those in power in the Soviet Union are compelled to act as if Communism were true. Internal assent and conviction in the Western sense are irrelevant to such an enterprise.

■ If you were a movie reviewer for the Communist *Daily World* and assigned a capsule review of *Apocalypse Now*, in fifty words or less, how would you handle it? "Brilliant and powerful portrayal of the brutality, madness, terror, and genocide of the U.S. war against Vietnam. However, Francis Coppola's political ignorance leads him to 'explain' U.S. barbarism as a response to supposed atrocities by the Vietnamese: a fatal flaw." Now *there* is dialectical materialism! At work!

■ Lyndon LaRouche, formerly of the SDS, currently of the bizarro-right-wing U.S. Labor Party (see "The Swarmy Life and Times of the NCLC," *NR*, March 30, 1979), was last heard charging that Governor Hugh Gallen of New Hampshire was plotting to kill him. LaRouche responded to the plot as any sane man would, directing his followers to harass Gallen and 15 other New Hampshire office-holders with incessant phone calls. A piece of LaRouche stationery, found in a YMCA room rented by a LaRouche campaigner, offered the following hints: "These are the criminals to burn—we want calls coming in to these fellows day and night . . ." LaRouche got 2,307 votes in the Democratic primary, more than John Connally or Bob Dole on the Republican side, and if this keeps up he'll be known as Landslide LaRouche.

■ Dr. William Shockley has a certain fey charm, you just can't deny it. The old boy seems to have leaped full blown out of the pages of Auguste Comte, and he's a sucker for anything "scientific." The 1956 Nobel Prize-winner has now donated some semen to a scheme designed to improve the race. All genetic statistics suggest that the whole idea is preposterous. No doubt Shockley likes it, well, aesthetically. Apart from his specialized work, Shockley has been drawn to a reductive scientism rather than to genuine science, and he would probably buy the Brooklyn Bridge as long as the salesman was wearing a white coat.

■ The conservative *New Oxford Review* has taken the side of Pope John Paul II in the Hans Küng case. The magazine explains its unusual position by arguing that "the survival of Christian orthodoxy in the Roman Catholic Church is of vital importance to all orthodox Christians outside that church: an injury suffered by orthodox Christianity in one communion or denomination is an injury suffered by all orthodox Christians. The overriding fact is that Hans Küng questions the divinity of Christ—and on that issue no orthodox Christian may remain neutral." A fascinating new alignment is apparently shaping up: as liberalism has cut across old boundaries, so does a new resistance. It may be possible to be fruitfully ecumenical without selling one's birthright.

■ An old joke became a tragic reality last week when some nut hijacked a bus in Cincinnati ("Take me to Communist Cleveland"), killed one passenger, and took five others hostage. After a while, the hostages outwitted, disarmed, and overpowered the hijacker. Whereupon another old joke entered the picture. The surrounding SWAT team was unable to open the door of the bus to help. A woman hostage had to let them in.

■ An acupuncturist in San Francisco announces that he can cure sexual dysfunctions by sticking needles in your ear. He certainly picked the right city to set up practice.

Primaries: Knockout Time

During the first round of primaries and caucuses—Iowa, Maine, Puerto Rico—no contender could be knocked out of the contest, but with New Hampshire and Massachusetts things got serious.

In New Hampshire, Ronald Reagan, hurt in Iowa, finally decided to run as Ronald Reagan—a strategic masterstroke which until then had escaped both the candidate and his strategists. Odd. Reagan had been immensely successful as a candidate ever since his million-vote 1966 victory in California. He was widely regarded as a tremendous campaigner. And, therefore, it followed, obviously, to keep him more or less out of sight during *this* campaign.

Odder still. In 1976, Reagan lost all the early primaries and was virtually counted out—until North Carolina, when he shook off the inhibitions and began to run as, surprise, Ronald Reagan. Then he almost denied an incumbent President renomination.

During the final two weeks in New Hampshire, the John Sears-designed, virtually Nixonian wraps—so unsuited to *this* candidate—finally came off, and Sears, in fact, was sacked. Reagan, speaking his mind, responding intuitively, capitalized on one of the assets

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that have carried him to this point in national politics: the ability to articulate what most people regard as self-evident truths, and articulate them superbly. In New Hampshire, once these absurd wraps came off, Reagan's natural geniality and spontaneity shone through to the voters. Reagan cannot be "packaged." When he campaigns as, of all people, Ronald Reagan, he is formidable. Why he ever thought the Machiavellian John Sears a political asset remains an abiding mystery. A Reagan campaign manager needs only two words of advice for the candidate: Be thyself.

Like Reagan, who recovered in time, George Bush has been making some key political misjudgments. A surprise victor in Iowa, he campaigned in New Hampshire as a presumptive front-runner, trying to nurse through the voting his skin-deep anti-Reagan coalition. It all proved illusory. Bush's deep thinkers forgot, among other things, one large fact no one in New Hampshire had *ever* voted for George Bush. Despite what the polls said, he had to give them a positive reason for doing so. The Bush lead melted like spring snow. Crane supporters evidently shifted to Reagan, Bush liberals bought some John Anderson chic, skeptics swung to Reagan, and that did it.

In Massachusetts, the wheel spun again, coming to rest on Anderson Hour. Statistically, Massachusetts really provided a three-way split: Bush 31 per cent, Anderson 31 per cent, and Reagan 29 per cent. But in these things it is trajectory, and not percentages, that counts where you've been and where you're going.

The People's Republic of Massachusetts, of course, the only McGovern state in 1972, can hardly be considered a barometer of national attitudes. Teddy Kennedy regularly wins a kind of tribal vote there, and the Massachusetts Republican Party remains a last anachronistic bastion of WASP social arrogance and liberal flatulence. But John Anderson did begin to emerge in Iowa and New Hampshire as the Nice People's Candidate, and in Massachusetts he scored heavily.

Anderson's electoral clout is in large part stylistic. He has managed to make his candidacy non-boring. He is intelligent and articulate, and, even when wrong on an issue, he provides a touch of theater. Anderson favors abortion on demand (and his literature on this issue is vicious), gun control, busing quotas, ERA, you name it. (And, important datum, has anyone noticed how these New Right social issues have been downplayed by all candidates this year? Most of the action seems to be on foreign policy and the economy.)

Anderson is generally convincing on economic issues, and he is right on his gasoline tax. He is uneducated, probably fatally so, on military issues. He is also in serious danger of becoming merely the New Class candidate, but he deserves better, at least, than *that*—and it remains for his home state of Illinois to tell us whether this spasmodically intelligent man can really emerge as the GOP alternative to Ronald Reagan.

Jerry Ford Arises

Apparently judging George Bush a goner after New Hampshire, former President Gerald Ford has indicated his availability (see "Letter from Washington," p. 327). His formulation as regards Ronald Reagan, however, reminded everyone of Ford's gift for the gaffe.

Reagan, said Ford, is "too conservative" to beat Carter in the general election. Whatever one might think of the substance of that judgment, and we don't think much of it, Ford's choice of words was politically amateurish. Ford could easily have said something innocuous, such as that Reagan did not seem to him to possess the broad appeal necessary, etc., or that these perilous times call for someone more experienced in foreign affairs, etc., etc. But Ford chose precisely the formulation that would anger the substantial Republican conservative constituency to which any Republican candidate, including Ford, must appeal.

It was said of Admiral Jellicoe, narrow victor at Jutland, that he could have lost the First World War in an afternoon. Ford's inept comment on Reagan brought flooding back memories of the man who lost the Presidency in a single evening, when he informed an astonished TV audience that Poland is a free country.

Unlike some 1976 sophisticates, we have never been in danger of confusing Gerald Ford with Bozo the Clown. But, really, what is a nice moderate conservative from Michigan doing coming on like William Scranton at the Cow Palace?

Reagan: Then and Now

Ronald Reagan is back on the cover of *Time*. The last occasion for his appearance there was his 1975 announcement that he would seek the White House, and it's instructive to compare the treatment then and now.

Then: Personally Reagan was wholesome and likable. But politically he was hidebound—"predictable," "oversimplified," and the like. Among other sins, he was "deeply suspicious of dealing with the Soviet Union." He actually believed "that the Russians are trying to achieve nuclear superiority over the U.S. in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks." He blamed government for inflation and favored a balanced budget.

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He wanted the energy problem turned over to the free market. He had "highly exaggerated fears" that ERA would mean "the drafting of women into Army combat units." Republicans, *Time* concluded pointedly, "now must decide whether he represents a conservative wave of the future or is just another Barry Goldwater calling on the party to mount a hopeless crusade against the twentieth century."

Now: Though Reagan is still "the propounder of unqualified conservative answers to the most fearsomely complex problems," a subtle change has entered the *Time* tone. Ever quick to sniff trends, the magazine no longer consigns Reagan's position to the past. How can it? "Much of this message sounds less arrestingly different than it did in 1968 or 1976. The ideas that the government causes most of inflation, that a balanced budget is necessary, and that the U.S. needs a major defense buildup have become staples of political oratory, proclaimed not only by conservative Republicans but by many Democrats."

Time, in short, is about as critical of Reagan in 1980 as in 1975, but is far less condescending. The assumption that conservatism is an anachronism has itself become an anachronism. *Time* has caught up with the twentieth century.

Budgetscam

The projected 18 per cent inflation rate has made gaining control over the federal budget the Number One issue of domestic policy. That's a task requiring a great deal more cooperation than some congressional committees are ready to give.

During the last week of February, the big spenders on the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee, chaired by Harrison Williams (D., N.J.), voted themselves a 26 per cent increase in budget authority for Fiscal Year 1981. If Congress goes along with such election-year vote-buying, it won't be long before that 18 per cent inflation rate looks as good as last year's 13 per cent rate looks now.

Budget authority differs from outlays in that it is a way of committing the government to future spending without having it show up in this year's expenditures. The telltale sign of Budgetscam is a document heavy on budget authority and light on outlays. A Congress that wants to play both sides of the street can buy votes with deferred payments in budget authority and simultaneously run an "austere budget" by holding down outlays for the current fiscal year.

But gaining control over spending can't be done by holding down outlays in one year. Congress can't keep loading up the budget with the authority to spend money without the money's eventually being spent.

It's easy enough to spot a genuine austere budgeter. He's the one paring budget authority; the phony is playing mirror tricks with outlays. Judging by last week's vote, the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee is short of the former.

For example, Senator Alan Cranston's (D., Calif.) Child and Human Development Subcommittee was granted a 31.3 per cent increase. That includes a 23 per cent increase for the domestic operations of Sam Brown's ACTION agency. Senator Gaylord Nelson's (D., Wis.) Subcommittee on Employment, Poverty, and Migratory Labor wanted a 26.4 per cent increase. But Senator Howard Metzenbaum (D., Ohio) said that wasn't enough and got the full committee to raise it to 31 per cent.

With senators loading up future fiscal policy, it is little wonder that inflationary expectations are rising, frustrating the efforts of Paul Volcker, Chairman of the Federal Reserve, to bring down the inflation rate. Whatever figure the politicians settle on for outlays in FY 1981, the amount they put in budget authority is the real indicator of their attitude toward inflation.

Hornswoggled in Teheran

Way back when country roads were mud,
  The rubes were taken, good,
By clever ads for cockroach traps—
  Two sanded blocks of wood.
Though times have changed and farmers junked
  The icebox for a fridge,
Our President's still hankering
  To buy the Brooklyn Bridge.

W. H. VON DREELE

Afghanistan: Game of Symbols

Following the Soviet-*cum*-satellite invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968, the rituals of blaming outsiders, asserting doctrinal justification, and professing intentions to end the occupation at some unspecified juncture took 44 days. No one to speak of took the last particular seriously—and advisedly so, for the occupation still persists after 11 and a half years. In Afghanistan's case, similar forms have been complied with. The doctrinal justification includes a new variation: the invasion, besides being an exercise of prerogative based on history's imperatives, was owed to the Afghan people in fulfillment of their rights. The sequence has also taken a little longer than in 1968. President Brezhnev's hint of temporariness for the occupation—contingent on outsiders' ceasing to interfere—came sixty days after the invasion and approxi-

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mately coincided with arrival of word about progress in the construction of barracks for the occupying force. Far from being shrugged off, however, the hint stimulated hopes in various foreign offices, notably London's, that hands-off pledges by outsiders might be traded for Soviet withdrawal—thereby solving the Afghanistan problem by neutralizing the country.

This neutralization pipedream reflects an array of assumptions about Soviet embarrassment over world reactions, perplexity in meeting stiffer indigenous resistance than expected, and anxiety to find a face-saving way out of a mess that might conceivably grow to the proportions of a Vietnam. What the dream overlooks is the thoroughness of Soviet preparations, the deliberateness of Soviet actions, and the cogent strategic calculations behind the Soviet move into a position that brings the Persian Gulf within reach of Soviet fighter-plane cover. What this neutralization reverie indicates is the precariousness of the Carter Administration's undertakings in response to Soviet actions in Afghanistan and the Administration's probable susceptivity to a Soviet peace offensive when, in its own due time, the Soviet Union is ready to launch one.

The centerpiece of the U.S. response is the so-called Carter Doctrine: The Persian Gulf area constitutes a U.S. vital interest. In the parlance of policy, to call an interest a vital interest indicates readiness to sacrifice peace and its enjoyments for the object concerned. Yet no sooner had the President put the Persian Gulf in the vital-interest category than he referred to the United States' incapacity to defend the area with its own resources.

The awesome possibilities opening up before the United States include, even more poignant than the danger of war, the danger of having to acquiesce in defeat without war. True enough, the circumstances bringing the United States toward that predicament antedate the Carter Administration. That Administration's particular fault—Robert Tucker elaborates the point in an incisive essay in the current issue of *Foreign Affairs*—is to have done so little to counter the adverse trends, and so much to promote them, during its three years of responsibility.

Reduced to symbolically defining interests as vital interests, the Administration has been resorting to a number of supporting gestures designed to inconvenience the Soviet Union in various ways—but still stopping short of essential steps likely to inconvenience the American people. Its spokesmen resort to dreams of their own—such as President Carter's recent hyperbolic wish that an alliance of Islamic nations might materialize to counter the Soviet Union's aggressiveness.

The Soviet side too has been proceeding with symbols. The puppet regime in Kabul has revealed plans to abandon the red flag, which has now been flying for about three years, in favor of a device more akin to national traditions, and—what is more—to incorporate the Prophet's teachings and traditions into a Marxist-Leninist constitution now under preparation.

Realism on Tito

When Marshal Tito finally loses his battle with mortality, you'd better brace yourself for the big send-off, Tito as Hero of the Twentieth Century. Tito is virtually the only Communist leader dead or alive who has not been thoroughly discredited, and it will be surprising, therefore, if the wily old brigand doesn't make it all the way to Mt. Rushmore.

The Tito phenomenon has a number of facets—his activities in Paris as a Communist recruiter during the Spanish Civil War, his defiance of Stalin, his heterodox economic and political performance, his role as a Third World influence, his preparation for the transition. All of this will require examination. An important part of the Tito myth, however, has to do with his activities as a partisan during World War II. Columnist John Roche, that resolute skeptic, has done his homework on this point, and he reveals that the Nazis were not exactly losing sleep through worrying about Tito:

"The Tito myth is quite a remarkable phenomenon. As leader of the Communist Partisans during the war he was credited by the British with pinning down 24 German divisions. A while back, former U.S. Ambassador to Belgrade and senior strategist George F. Kennan informed James Reston that they held up 14 German divisions. The point Kennan was making was they are a tough lot whom the Soviets would be leery of invading.

"The only problem with the British estimate and Kennan's is that we have the German order of battle for the Balkans. They divided the area into two Army Groups, E and F: E was charged with policing Greece, Crete, and the Aegean Islands; F, centered on Belgrade, with holding the northern tier. Until 1944, when first-line Nazi troops were thrown in to stop the advancing Soviet army, Army Group F comprised eight under-strength divisions.

"They were in essence garrison troops—virtually national guard—whose task it was to protect the lines of communication to Greece. In addition, there were Italians, Bulgarians, and Croatian and Serbian paramilitary Fascists, plus the units of the Yugoslav government-in-exile led by General Draja Mihajlović. Tito spent most of his time fighting Mihajlović, he did not pin down 24 or 14, or even eight, German divisions. The Soviet army 'liberated' Yugoslavia.

"Excuse the detail, but when Kennan invokes his

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authority, it is normally taken seriously, and the thrust of his replies to Reston was: When Tito dies don't worry. Those Yugoslavs will be no pushover for the Soviet army."

Tito had an important career, instructive in a number of ways. It should not be allowed to disappear into the mists of schmaltz.

Olympics and Human Brotherhood

In preparation for the 1980 summer Olympics in Moscow, the KGB has gone into serious training, and in its chosen sport must be considered a gold-medal contender. The Soviets, with an eye on the approaching Moscow spectacle, have been carrying out an especially severe purge of dissident groups. They are determined to ensure that when the thousands of foreign visitors and athletes arrive, everything will look peachy, and no criticism will be heard regarding Brezhnev's utopia.

Peter Reddaway, a lecturer in political science at the London School of Economics and an expert on Soviet internal dissent, describes the scene in chilling detail in the March 20 *New York Review of Books*. A few excerpts:

"The present purge is basically a pre-Olympic exercise, and well illustrates the inseparability of sports and politics in the Soviet Union. For many months, the KGB has been striking against people in the provinces. Far from stopping political oppression when the trials of Orlov, Shcharansky, and others ended in August 1978, the authorities simply turned their attention away from Moscow to individuals and groups whose fate aroused less interest abroad. . . . In fact, since August 1978 no fewer than 97 trials have taken place on which reliable information has reached the outside world. Two hundred and seventeen people have either been sentenced at these trials, or forcibly interned in mental hospitals without trial, or are now in pre-trial detention. . . . Beyond these cases, which mostly involve the court system, thousands of people have been interrogated during the last 17 months in connection with political cases, and nearly a thousand have had their homes searched by police. Many of these have also been dismissed from their jobs, threatened with arrest, subjected to KGB blackmail, forced into emigration, or assaulted by officially sponsored thugs. . . . Two people have committed suicide as a direct consequence of KGB persecution, and two more have been murdered in circumstances strongly suggesting official direction. . . . Those who oppose a boycott of the Games, seeing them as a chance for foreigners to talk to Russians, might ponder, among other things, the terrible price that dissidents are being forced to pay by the regime."

Well, as we have been warned by those opposed to an Olympic boycott, it would be contrary to the spirit of the Olympic movement to "inject politics" into the games, and, along with Lord Killanin, the IOC, and the USOC, we say perish the thought.

Chile Winning

It's hard to talk about Chile these days without seeming to gloat. In a spirit of forbearance, then, we present only the facts.

1. At the time of Allende's ouster, Chile's inflation rate had soared beyond 600 per cent. In 1979, the rate of inflation was 38 per cent.

2. The United States Embassy has published an

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Scruples

The French are a pragmatic race.
Plutonium will soon replace
Their OPEC oil so they may dine
More festively on cheese and wine.
In Jimmy's White House, *au contraire*,
The breeders get an icy stare
Because, you see, they lead to sin
As glances did for Anne Boleyn.

W. H. VON DREELE

economic report noting, inter alia, that "Inflation remains Chile's major economic problem. However, the three interrelated problems of unemployment, high interest rates, and low fixed capital investment are on the way to being solved."

3. Labor negotiations in the big state copper mines have ended successfully, with wage increases of 10 per cent.

4. The Interamerican Development Bank issued a report showing that of the ten largest Latin American nations, Chile showed the highest rate of growth of investment in 1977 and 1978: 22.8 per cent, as compared to the Latin American average of 6.1 per cent.

5. Chile's budget deficit, which had reached 23 per cent of GNP in 1973, is now zero.

6. Chile remains unfree politically, but, as the Embassy economic report noted, "Most U.S. private-sector observers are inclined to believe that the current military regime will be followed within ten years by a stable, middle-of-the-road government reasonably favorable to free enterprise and foreign investment. It has been noted that the constituency for the current liberal economic program is growing."

Even *The New Republic* acknowledged last year that "the conservative cure for inflation has this advantage: it will work." Chile is no utopia, but it has refused to join the Marxist global economic slum.

An Articulate Businessman

We have located an articulate businessman. Meet Richard Lesher, president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. In his weekly column "The Voice of Business," Lesher dissects Jimmy Carter's strategy for fighting inflation: "Everything that has made inflation worse," Lesher says, "is someone else's fault, preferably OPEC's; and the Administration's sole connection with inflation is to make it better." Blaming OPEC is easy, Lesher says, if we ignore the fact that the surges in inflation have historically preceded rather than followed the big jumps in oil prices. Also to be ignored is that West Germany and Switzerland, which import a much larger share of their energy supply than we do, have inflation rates much lower than the United States'.

To Carter's claims that he has made stringent efforts to reduce federal spending, Lesher responds that federal spending has increased 36 per cent in three years. To Carter's claims that he has deflated the Washington bureaucracy, Lesher responds that there are now 63,000 more federal employees. But Lesher doesn't deny at least one Administration claim: to have cut the budget deficit by $36 billion. He grants this, and then explains that the deficit was cut because "double-digit inflation pushed working Americans into higher tax brackets, causing them to suffer the worst tax increases last year in postwar history."

Notes & Asides

■ Memo to our readers:

We have, over the past several years, published several articles by Mr. David Belin of Des Moines, Iowa, who served as one of the principal investigators for the Warren Commission, which inquired into the causes of the assassination of President Kennedy. Mr. Belin also wrote a book, *November 22, 1963: You Are the Jury*, upholding the Warren Report against the criticisms then current (cf. his article "*They've Killed the President*—The Book You Shouldn't Read," Feb. 6, 1976).

On April 27, 1979, we published another article by Mr. Belin, criticizing the work of the House Select Committee on Assassinations. In answer to this article, Professor G. Robert Blakey of Cornell, who served as the Committee's counsel, wrote a rebuttal. To which David Belin wrote a sur-rebuttal. These we published. But then Professor Blakey wrote a fresh rebuttal—with addendum. To which David Belin replied with a fresh sur-rebuttal—with addendum. These documents run to five thousand words, and we regret we cannot publish them. However, we will make them available, in Xeroxed form, to any reader anxious to pursue the controversy. Write and ask for: "Belin-Blakey Exchange," and enclose $2 for Xeroxing and mailing. Our thanks to Messrs. Belin and Blakey. We cannot forswear to give our own conclusion—that Belin has the better of the argument. I.e., that John F. Kennedy did, on November 22, 1963, die as the result of the firing of a rifle by Lee Harvey Oswald, who acted, that day in Dallas, alone. —WFB

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■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Recently I came upon the following entries in the dictionary:

"*Take* [*French*] *leave:* depart, act, without asking leave or giving notice."—*The Concise Oxford Dictionary*, 1964.

"*Filer à l'anglaise:* s'en aller sans prendre congé ou sans permission."—*Petit Larousse*, 1963.

Does this illustrate that international tensions are really caused by stereotyped attitudes toward other nations, etc.? I am

Your admiring servant,
Fr. Paul Yerger
Holy Resurrection Orthodox Church
Jackson, Miss.

P.S.: If that isn't enough, take a look at what the *Concise Oxford* says a "French letter" is.

Father! WFB

■ Memo to: WFB:
From: Jim McFadden

The attached will interest you.

"Dear Mr. McFadden, I came across your magazine in the library of the American Embassy in Warsaw when I was on my way to the World Congress of the International Political Science Association in Moscow. After a depressing stay in the workers' paradise—which included a visit to East Siberia and which confirmed my worst suspicions—I felt the least I could do was to subscribe to the NATIONAL REVIEW.

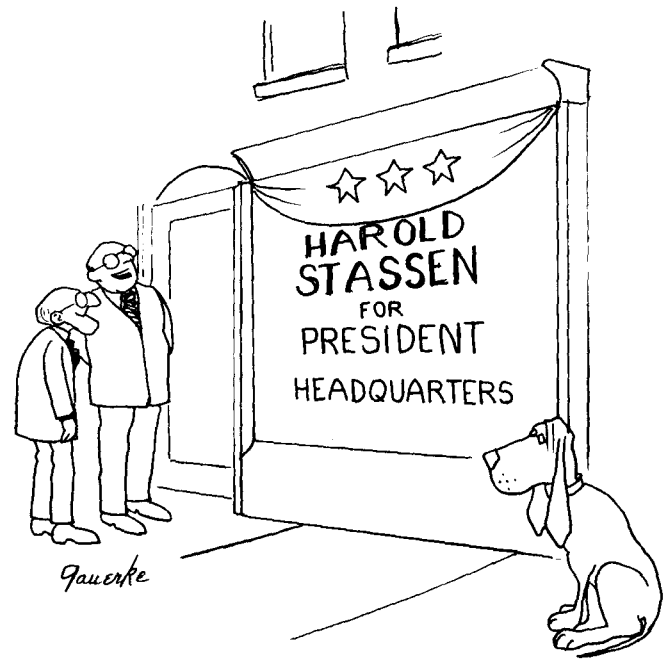
Cordially,
Jan van Houten
A Schweitzer Pliantsoen 1
Y301 HA Roden Dr. Holland"

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Recalling the President's comment that, "It's only now dawning upon the world, the magnitude of the action that the Soviets undertook in invading Afghanistan," I send you the enclosed, written in 1838 by the man later the presidential candidate of the Democratic Party (and the Liberal Republican Party, 1872), Horace Greeley. Merritt Ierley
Teaneck, N.J.

[From the enclosure: *The New Yorker*, April 7, 1838]

"But it is not alone in her attitude toward the Liberal Powers that Russia commands the attention and excites the apprehensions of Europe. Her policy in the East, alike as in the West, is one of unrelaxing aggression, violence, and lust of dominion. In her bearing toward her Asiatic neighbors, she is true to her established character of never making a treaty without grasping an accession of territory, nor hesitating to break one when tempted by a hope of conquest. While all the world has been learning the lessons of moderation and of peace, and striving only to outvie in the arts of civilization, Russia has still clung to her semi-barbarism and her vast military power—to the dreams of Peter the Great and Catherine. While other States have rested content with their far narrower boundaries, Russia has silently wrested province after province from the crumbling empires of the followers of the False Prophet, until the Ottoman exists but as her vassal, and Persia knows herself defenseless, and that a single campaign would bring the Cossacks to Teheran."



"Now if we can just get Carter renominated."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

It's all over. After 15 years of a beautiful relationship, I've found another conservative with whom I'm infatuated. His name is R. Emmett Tyrrell, and ever since I saw him sitting (in profile) on the back of *Public Nuisances*, I've been smitten with the pangs of unrequited love.

No longer do I quiver at the flip of your pencil or melt at the lift of your eyebrow. But I'm not ungrateful: NATIONAL REVIEW has spoon-fed me conservatism since college; my library is spattered with your books; I have fond memories of college lectures and evenings watching *Firing Line*. It's just that R. Emmett is younger and nastier, and I'm hooked.

Don't cancel my subscription—parting with NATIONAL REVIEW would be giving up intellectual nourishment. You have my respect, but R. Emmett Tyrrell has my heart. Charla Heyer
Allegany, N.Y.

Dear Mrs. Heyer: Huh. But that's okay. *I* like younger women. Huh. **—WFB**

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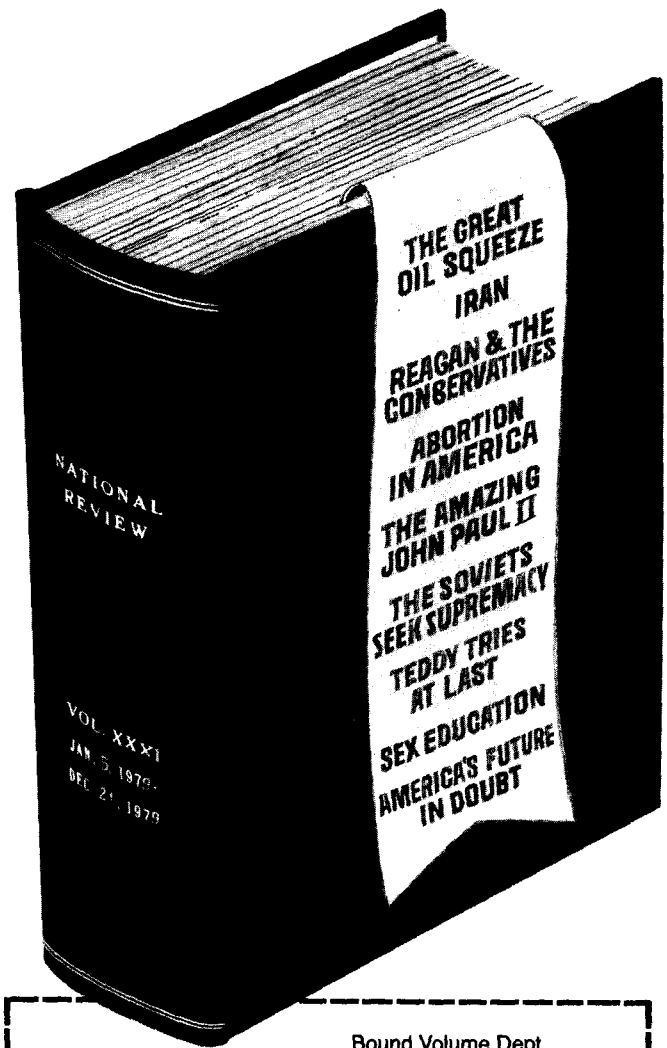

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Thinking About Gold

The Current Wisdom

NEAL B. FREEMAN

ECONOMICS IS NOT our strong suit, as this column will no doubt soon confirm. But then again, economics does not appear to be the strong suit of most economists, at least not those among the profession who schlep into town with a) projections of future economic activity, b) ice-smooth explanations of why the previous edition of projections failed to materialize, and c) policy recommendations drawn from the can-and-must school of exhortation. You know, we can-and-must reduce taxes, balance the budget, increase defense spending, and subsidize the domestic mirror industry. Such recommendations invariably include the overture, "If we can send a man to the moon, . . ."

These shuttle economists are not by and large humble folk. All knowledge is their province, as a Harvard professor once explained it to me. (For communicating with the masses, they feel compelled to work in the language of needlepoint.) Offhand we can think of only one subject on which they have been uncharacteristically and curiously dumb, and that subject is gold. Never inclined to observe a respectful silence, we offer these observations.

All of us laymen have been taught by the professoriat that money is a medium of exchange (perhaps we should note that these words are being transmitted to the printer at 4:30 P.M. on February 27), but it is no longer perceived by anybody outside the economic establishment as a store of value. Not with inflation at 13 per cent and headed north. That role has been assumed by, among other things, gold. It then follows that gold is money, despite official asseverations to the contrary.

The Federal Government has handled itself in the gold market roughly as well as it handles itself in other markets—like Benny Hill in a china shop. The Feds were perfectly happy to sell off the national gold stock for years: right up until last fall, for instance, the Treasury held regular auctions. But then the price started to run up, reaching the dangerously high price of $365.50 an ounce on November 1 . . . whereupon the Feds slammed the window and refused to accept higher prices for an asset carried on the national books at $42.22 an ounce. When the price of gold shot up to $712.50, the nation's chief financial officer felt obliged to go public with a pronouncement that the United States would not sell *any* gold in an "unsettled and uncharacteristic" marketplace. Translated from the bureaucratese: he wasn't going to sell the stuff until the price retreated to a level considered reasonable by all those shuttle economists. If our chief financial officer were still back at Textron, that kind of decision-making would have attracted enough stockholder suits to ensure a one-way ticket to retirement. Now he's become a public servant, however, and he knows better than to dirty America's hands with a windfall profit.

FOR REASONS better explained elsewhere, our Arab friends have a high regard for gold. They respect it as a store of value, and they seem generally agreeable to employing it as a medium of exchange. On the other hand, they are worried about the dollar, for all of the obvious reasons and some not so obvious. By an odd coincidence, we happen to be sitting on the largest gold stock in the world. We have whole buildings full of the stuff—265 million ounces, or 23 per cent of the known world reserves of 1.139 billion ounces. (Stare at those figures for a moment. They tell us that when the price jumped from $365.50 an ounce to $875 an ounce, our chief financial officer walked away from a paper profit of $135,018 *million*.)

As it happens, the Arabs have something of value on their side of the table. Unlike gold, which as the Feds accurately point out is "sterile," the Arab assets are dynamic—job- and wealth-producing. Isn't there a trade in here somewhere? Sure, we don't want to part with our gold lightly, but take a cold look at those reserves at Fort Knox. Where did they come from? At great expense, not the least of which is reckoned in human life, those chunks of metal were dug out of the earth, transported great distances, stored in expensive vaults, and guarded heavily. They throw off no interest and they generate no economic activity. If the market wishes to drive the price through the roof, and if the Arabs insist on giving us their oil stocks in return, what should we do? Talk down the price of gold and force mountains of dollar bills upon OPEC?

One surprising victim of the rise in the price of gold is the mini-movement to return the U.S. to the gold standard. Look at it this way: with gold at $600, our reserves carry a market value of $159 billion. That compares with only $107 billion in currency in public hands. In other words, if we were to convert to the gold standard under current conditions, there would actually be an *expansion* of the money supply and quite possibly an *increase* in the rate of inflation. It would be much better, all around, for our chief financial officer to experiment with a newfangled theory of buying low and selling high—by auctioning off a few billions worth of gold, soaking up excess reserves from the monetary system, and applying the profit (remember, everything above $42.22 is bookkeeping gravy) to the deficit in his boss's budget.

If you don't like all this talk about gold, if you're making a lot of money but you still feel poor, let's get down to the nitty-gritty. Our friend Scott Burns, the brilliant financial writer for the *Boston Herald American*, has converted income figures to the "barrel standard," by which he measures how much Americans earn in constant barrels of oil. In 1970, for example, when the average per-capita income in this country was $3,893, each of us earned 2,160 barrels a year. Last year, by which time our income had "soared" to $8,600, we earned only 330 barrels. Those figures may not make you feel any better, but at least you know you're not crazy. You *are* making a lot of money, and you *are* getting poor. □

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Crash Course

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

PEOPLE DIVIDE naturally into those who understand Marxism-Leninism and those who don't. Confusingly, those who don't include a fair number of Marxist-Leninists out of power, who often cling to the illusion that once they are in power, the ideology by which they shape their lives will somehow be "different" from what the experience of all countries with Marxist-Leninist governments proves it to be.

The heart of the illusion lies in the fact that power, once achieved, confers on the Marxist-Leninist elite not only the ability, but also the obligation, duty, and *right* to shape the lives of all who live within the limits of that power. Those who resist or reject such shaping become, by definition, enemies of the people, to be tortured, remolded, or just plain liquidated in the name of the all-embracing ideology.

It should not be necessary to restate such evident truths, 62 years after Lenin's gang seized power in Russia, but the displayed ignorance of so many Western leaders makes the exercise necessary.

President Carter is of course among the ignorant in this respect, and his current self-confessed crash course in the realities of Soviet behavior merely draws attention to the enormous harm an educational gap of this magnitude can inflict upon the peoples of America and the world.

For all practical purposes, Jimmy Carter's foreign and defense policies have rested upon the flimsy foundation of his much-quoted Notre Dame speech of May 22, 1977, especially the following passage:

> Being confident of our own future, we are now free of that inordinate fear of Communism which once led us to embrace any dictator who joined us in that fear. I am glad that that is being changed.
>
> We hope to persuade the Soviet Union that one country cannot impose its system of society upon another, either through direct military intervention or through the use of a client state's military forces, as was the case with Cuban intervention in Angola.

A much more learned man than the President, Mr. George Kennan, similarly clung, a generation and a half ago, to the same touching illusion that somehow the good example of the United States would cause the Soviets to see the error of their ways. If the President had grasped the simple truth that the *basis* of the ruling party's monopoly of power in the USSR is Leninism, which requires those who rule in its name to extend the system to "all countries without exception," we might not be up against the desperate situation which now stares us in the face.

Suggested Reading

Has President Carter, I wonder, read Article 28 of the Soviet Constitution of 1977? He ought to, preferably with a specialist in political semantics at his elbow, for it enshrines as state policy the obligation of "consolidating the position of world socialism, supporting the struggles of peoples for national liberation and social progress." Translation, with examples: Putting Marxist-Leninists in power, as in Ethiopia, South Yemen, and Afghanistan, and keeping them in power or finding more reliable substitutes, as in South Yemen and Afghanistan; giving arms and training to terrorists and anti-Western guerrillas the world over, as in Angola and Mozambique, and right now in Rhodesia.

The notion that ideology has anything to do with aggression in Afghanistan is instinctively rejected by the ignorant in high places. President Giscard d'Estaing, for instance, poohpoohed it the other day in conversation with Helmut Schmidt. The German Chancellor probably knows better, but finds it inexpedient to say so, given the power and incipient menace of his Social Democratic Party's left wing.

In the years after the Second World War we were blessed with leaders who grasped the essential truth about Marxism-Leninism, even if they did not undergo any lengthy training in the subject. Attlee and Bevin grasped it; so did Adenauer in Germany and de Gasperi in Italy. Even General de Gaulle, although he had a blind spot about Communism, at least grasped the point that the French Communists were loyal to the Soviet Union first, and to France only to the extent that it moved in the direction they favored.

It is unfortunately not enough to understand the problem: those who do must be prepared to act, for the simple reason that Leninism, unlike Buddhism, is an activist creed. I confess I cannot make up my mind to what extent the ignorance of most of our leaders is due to intellectual laziness, and to what extent it is due to lack of courage.

In the United Kingdom, not long ago, we had a Prime Minister who understood the problem perfectly, and was even prepared to do something about it (though not very much) between 1964 and 1970; but he did not open his mouth on the subject in his second period of office, beginning in 1974. Incidentally, he has said plenty about it since stepping down from his high office, notably on the American lecture circuit. His name is Harold Wilson.

The One Who Knows

Right now, the sole Western political leader who not only knows the score but also speaks her mind on the subject is Margaret Thatcher. Let us hope that before the year is over we shall have two more.

It is profoundly alien and uncongenial to civilized people brought up in the tradition of Locke, Jefferson, and Mill to accept the proposition that you cannot convert fanatics to the delights of sweet reasonableness. In the case of the Soviets, it is worse by far than dealing with your neighborhood terrorist gang, for you are dealing with a sclerotic form of state fanaticism, which nobody—not a Kissinger, not a Giscard, not a Carter—is going to budge. These men are in power because of structural state fanaticism, and they would be out of power if they abandoned the doctrine. And the doctrine not merely permits but obliges them to spread their system by all available means, including military power, so long as nobody opposes them.

There is nothing to beat the temptation of an open door: all you have to do is push it. □

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The Last Kennedy

RICHARD BROOKHISER

MICHIGAN DEMOCRATS URGE KENNEDY TO RUN. 2 BIG UNIONS LEAN TO TED. HISPANIC LEADERS EXPRESS STRONG SUPPORT FOR KENNEDY. THEY'RE ALL CRAZY FOR KENNEDY. Ted Kennedy now dominates the political scene in a way that has been unmatched by any other challenger for the Presidency in forty years. . . . KENNEDY LEADS CARTER IN W. VA. NOW, BYRD SAYS. FEELING A DRAFT, TED SWEEPS TWO POLLS. TEDDY THRASHING CARTER IN N.J. & CONN. KENNEDY MAY FIND SUPPORT IN SOUTH—IF HE RUNS. CLEVELAND DEMOCRATS REJECT CARTER, PLAN KENNEDY DRAFT. Senator Edward Kennedy will very likely defeat President Carter as a write-in candidate in New Hampshire, then meet the February 27 filing deadline for states that send about one-third of the delegates to the convention, and clinch the nomination by sweeping the New York Democratic primary. . . .

Two days before the New Hampshire primary (". . . his own backyard . . .") Edward Kennedy arrives in the state that was slated, eight months ago, as the scene of Carter's final demise. But eight months ago was eight months ago; Carter has taken up permanent residence in the Situation Room (never know when those Russians might invade another country), and the only ailing politico on the landscape is Edward Kennedy.

Queens may not be drab, but it will do till something drab comes along. Of the typical book on New York's great architecture—three hundred pages—two will be devoted to Queens. The last interesting buildings erected in that borough were the Pylon and Terrasphere.

But Queens has Greeks—thousands of them, concentrated in Astoria, on the very northwest tip of Long Island. Kennedy has voted with the Greek-American lobby all his senatorial career, and he is here now to cash in some of those chips.

A banner stretches across Astoria Boulevard South: KENNEDY FOR PRESIDENT, JUSTICE FOR CYPRUS, UNITED CYPRIANS OF AMERICA. Kennedy's destination, the Astoria Manor ("the finest in catering") stands across the street from the New York Greek-American Athletic Club, the Astoria Fruit and Vegetable Market, and the Taverna Psistara. One curious person sits on a fire escape, others peer aloofly out of second-story windows. The people on the sidewalk are considerably less placid. A dozen anti-abortion demonstrators have shown up, waving signs, receiving abuse, and passing out leaflets ("Diary of an Unborn Child. . . . October 25—My first word will be MAMA"). A black man of indeterminate opinion walks up and down the street ranting; the crowd argues the relative merits of killing fetuses and Turks.

Kennedy is late coming in from LaGuardia Airport (he has spent the day before in Kansas and Oklahoma, and the day before that in New England, celebrating his 48th birthday) and the crowd inside has been waiting over an hour. Twenty-five bucks a plate has bought them a mixed package: on the plus side, wall pictures of Paris, the Acropolis, the Coliseum, and Niagara Falls; on the debit side, a cramped seat in a smoky, low-ceilinged room. The band (electrified bouzoukis) must be rated according to taste. "Led's and gentlemen," the MC says at last, "may I have your 'tention please—" The crowd stands and Jackie Onassis enters the room. Since Mrs. Onassis does not like campaigning, this appearance will be newsworthy enough to make page 16 of tomorrow's *Times*, and probably page one of next year's *National Enquirers*. The cameramen, eager to supply those pictures, suddenly turn obscene: they cloud around her like gulls following a tramp steamer. Yet they only reflect, in an exaggerated form, the reaction of the crowd. "Please take your seats," the MC admonishes, "she's com' round to every table." But still no Kennedy. The band breaks a listless silence to play the American and Greek national anthems. The MC announces that when the Senator arrives, they will sing "Happy Birthday." The band then takes up its regular repertoire again in good earnest, only to cut it short when Kennedy suddenly appears. Miss Cyprus 1979 offers him a bouquet "on behalf of all the 200,000 refugees in Cyprus"; four girls and a boy in blue, red, and white Greek costumes sit on the front of the podium; the head of the national Greek Americans for Kennedy Committee makes an introduction. He opens simply enough, chanting Ken-ne-dy ("Senator Budge," wrote Chesterton, "emphasized his points by throwing his false teeth up into

This is the third in a series of profiles of the presidential candidates by Mr. Brookhiser, a senior editor of NR.

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the air and catching them in his mouth"), but builds to a climax of fine grammatical density—"a friend of Americans, the poor, the hard workers, a friend of Astoria, a friend of the Greeks . . . Edward Kennedy."

The crowd cheers lustily, standing of course, some standing on their chairs. Perhaps it is the obverse of the passions in the street. When Kennedy responds with a sharp wave of the hand, which he turns into a clenched fist, people in the audience clench back. The years may mug him some day (we have not, in this generation, seen an old Kennedy), but that day won't come soon. His jowls have thickened, and he has more grey hairs than Ronald Reagan. But his smile shines and charms. He wears a blue suit and a bright striped tie.

"I had my birthday the other day, and I was given three wishes . . ." You may have read accounts of Kennedy's oratory; he is said to have a tendency, when reaching for emphasis, to slip into a tone the papers call "booming." Booming hardly does it justice. He shouts, his laughs explode into cackles, his voice cracks. He sounds ludicrous, grotesque, like a carney barker—like a Mel Brooks impersonation of a carney barker. And the strangest thing is that he can speak perfectly normally; maybe he thinks the sound is bad (it couldn't be *that* bad). The crowd, be it noted, does not mind a bit.

And what did he wish for on his birthday? One—"success in New Hampshire." Two—"to be successful here in New York . . . And three—that the Turkish troops withdraw from Cyprus!" Cheers and applause. He also talked to his mother on his birthday, he adds. "She's been giving me good advice." She had told him to cut his hair "and I went up ten points in the polls." She told him to lose weight—"I went up twenty points in the polls." So naturally he asked her advice on his birthday, and it was: "Teddy, grow a rose garden" (a double-edged crack, and a good one—first and obviously at Carter; but also against any lingering suspicions that Kennedy, having asked his mother's permission to run, will have to ask it for everything).

But Kennedy quickly gets back to the matter at hand. He recalls the first piece of legislation he ever pushed through Congress, the Immigration Act of 1965—"introduced by President Kennedy, supported by Attorney General Kennedy, and floor-managed by myself." Because of the Act, Greek "sons and daughters, brothers and sisters" were reunited. (He pounds the lectern, causing small electronic booms.) But what about the Greeks in Cyprus? There, since the Turkish invasion, Greeks have been "separated from their families, separated from their land, separated from their churches, separated from their graveyards, separated from the remains of their ancestors." Other nations, some almost as undemocratic as Turkey, have heeded Kennedy's advice in such matters: "I have gone to the Soviet Union, and I have spoken to the members of the Kremlin. I have seen families reunited." Same in Peking. But Ankara? "The answer from Turkey, year after year, year after year, has been no!" President Carter has squeezed military aid to Turkey out of Congress with promises of cooperation. "Well, you tell *me*—whether there has been any progress in Cyprus!" He rephrases it as a question, but the crowd is already roaring.

Kennedy hits one other point: inflation. "Inflation," he tells his audience, "is out of control. You have been living the experience." The only remedy is for the President to request and for Congress to pass "enabling legislation that will put a freeze on prices." The freeze would also extend of course to wages and interest rates—sometimes Kennedy mentions this in his speeches, sometimes not. Kennedy has written a letter to the President to this effect, and aides have sown copies among the press.

"You care," he concludes, "for your families, your communities, this great nation of ours, your ancestors." Two ancestors in particular suggest a final sally at the Rose Garden strategy: "Plato and Socrates would have been willing to debate." Kennedy concludes with a Greek phrase, or wants to. He pauses in mid-sentence; someone on the dais feeds it to him; he grins and cackles at himself. The band plays music from *Zorba the Greek* as he leaves. Outside, the Secret Service has tidied up the crowd.

The motorcade quickly abandons the streets for the highways, hurtling past Queens's houses and graveyards, into a grey skyline crowned with rifted, pearl-rimmed clouds. It stops at the Pierre Hotel in Manhattan, a few miles and $50,000 a year away. Stone flowers bloom in stone pots, hackneys line up at the corner of Central Park.

Kennedy has backed airline and trucking deregulation; if he has ever performed any other conservative acts, he has confined them to the privacy of his home

The interior decorator of the Pierre, taking his cue perhaps from the mineral flowers, has filled the La Fôret room with copper trees. The mirrors are bordered and the chairs (fifty of them) upholstered in red plush. Kennedy is addressing a dinner of the American Jewish Congress, celebrating the 35th anniversary of its Commission on Law and Social Action. But before the speech, he is presented the Stephen Wise Award "for distinguished contributions to the cause of social justice at home and human dignity around the world."

There is a buffet, with waiters in white, gold-buttoned coats and a carver in a chef's hat, and when Kennedy first enters, many of the guests don't notice. But as he circulates, they stand. One tiny couple (Mr. Victor Riesel, the labor columnist, and his wife, it turns out) leave their seats and circle around a second table to intersect with him; by the time they have completed the maneuver, he has moved on to their original table; a friend catches his arm, directs him to them; he greets them warmly. "I haven't been invited to the White House recently," Riesel jokes. "We'll take care of that," Kennedy answers.

At the award ceremony in the early evening, and at the dinner in the ballroom later that night, Kennedy's introducers display the fantasies which animate still-liberal Jews. The fuel of antisemitism, Arthur Liman, an AJC big-wig and classmate of Kennedy's, explains, is "poverty, ignorance, inadequate housing [*ergo* Wagner was ignorant, and King Ludwig's castles were inadequate]. Senator Kennedy's whole

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career in the Senate has been characterized by a commitment to assure that all Americans have decent jobs, decent housing . . ." Thus he has "addressed the causes of anti-semitism, rather than the symptoms." Marshall Cogan, co-introducer, simply hails him as the "sole inheritor of the FDR legacy" (who also however "understands that free enterprise is the cornerstone of our liberty"). Kennedy talks briefly at the awards ceremony, and leaves to dine at his brother-in-law's apartment on Sutton Place. The banquet, though, receives a full-length speech. The band in the ballroom greets him with "Havah Negillah," and the MCs introduce friendly local politicians.

No shouting tonight; Kennedy speaks in a mellow baritone, with none of his brothers' twang (he occasionally drawls an *a*, as in "pahth"). No pounding the lectern either. He repeats his mother's advice, notes that the Republicans had a debate in New Hampshire—"the only one missing was Jimmy Carter"—then speaks.

The address is smooth and well written; some aging New Frontiersmen must have labored on it. He touches on the fears plucked by Liman ("there are those who say that our best hopes are helpless against the reactionary tide") but only lightly; mostly he offers non-sectarian liberalism. "The sudden sinister shadow of inflation has fallen across our nation's future. . . . Elderly persons huddle in small apartments, trying to make cruel choices between turning their thermostats down, buying their prescription drugs, and putting their food on the table." Young couples cannot buy homes, and parents fear that they cannot educate their children. "The last resort is now our only resort": controls, a short-term measure, which will nevertheless buy time to "stimulate investment, productivity, competition . . . and an energy policy that relies on the efficient use of renewable resources" (efficient use = conservation; renewable resources = the Sierra Club's fuel of the week).

Meanwhile, "the internal revenue code . . . is welfare for the wealthy," and cries out for reform. The wealthy audience applauds. Health care must also be made "a matter of right, not privilege." He indicts Carter's latest budget, as telling "only the poorest among us to ask what they can do for their country," and promises more school lunches, more unemployment benefits, more public service jobs, more public housing.

A final "imperative of social justice," he concludes, "is to strike at the roots of intolerance." Plugs for ERA (applause before he even finishes the sentence); attacks on the PLO. "So join with me now"—a limpid cadence—"in keeping the ideals of Stephen Wise and the commands of Isaiah —'to undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free.'"

CELEBRATING birthdays in New Hampshire, courting friendly ethnics, bearing witness before organizations whose opinions match his as a mirror's image matches his face —these were not the activities Edward Kennedy was supposed to be busying himself with at this stage of his presidential campaign.

It was not intended originally that he would run any presidential campaigns. Edward Moore Kennedy was born February 22, 1932, son of Joseph Kennedy and Rose (Fitzgerald). Joseph was determined to set a son in political

prominence over the Boston Brahmins who snubbed him despite his fortune in liquor and real-estate. But Joseph Jr. was the heir apparent, and, after his death in a bombing mission in World War II, John. Teddy graduated from Harvard in 1956 (the cheating suspension came in 1951); he had played football, catching a touchdown pass in a losing game against Yale. In 1958, he married Virginia Joan Bennett. Joan, who shuns public appearances, is now campaigning for him. Early handicappers predicted she would be left at the gate by Rosalynn, but don't count on it; her shyness, and her consciousness of her shyness, may come to contrast appealingly with the First Lady's professionalism.

Kennedy joined the Massachusetts bar in 1959, after studying law at the University of Virginia. In 1960, he had the responsibility for rounding up votes in the Rocky Mountain states during his brother's campaign for the Democratic nomination. A place-holder took John's vacant Massachusetts Senate seat until 1962, when Edward, nine months past the legal minimum of thirty, stepped in ("if your name was simply Edward Moore," his opponent in the Democratic primary declared bitterly, "your candidacy would be a joke").

Over the next 17 years, Kennedy established a reputation as a "man of the Senate"—hard-working, dedicated, competent (or at least, presiding over a staff with such qualities—though choosing talent wisely is in itself a talent). Kennedy dates his decision to become a "national senator" from an accident: in 1964, Birch Bayh pulled him from a plane crash in an apple orchard; Kennedy spent six months of convalescence being briefed by Harvard and MIT brain-trusters.

His competence has been devoted nearly unswervingly to the service of liberalism. The man who now bewails inflation (a comparable activity: Bokassa I lecturing on the curse of cannibalism) has voted for every bloated domestic program to come down the pike. He has supported higher Social Security taxes, congressional pay hikes, and a national health-care program more extravagant than Carter's. He has opposed tax indexing, balanced-budget amendments, Kemp-Roth, tax deductions for parents sending children to private schools.

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The spirit of thrift seizes him only in the presence of defense bills. He has worked against the Trident submarine, the airborne early warning system, the cruise missile, the neutron bomb, the B-1 bomber, and the ABM. He did support the F-18 fighter (engine manufactured in Lynn, Massachusetts). He voted against Ford's request for $522 million in extra aid to South Vietnam and Cambodia to avert the Communist conquests of both countries. He opposes construction of an American base on Diego Garcia in the Indian Ocean and the continued American presence in South Korea.

His general foreign policy flows logically from his commitment to impotence. Communist dictators receive the benefit of every doubt (Castro does not hold "prisoners," but "detainees"); "flawed friendly powers"—the phrase is Joshua Muravchik's—receive nothing but scorn. The only American ally Senator Kennedy has consistently stood by is Israel.

He has supported abortion, busing, ERA, the ERA extension, the District of Columbia voting amendment, and affirmative action. Edward Kennedy has backed airline and trucking deregulation; if he has ever performed any other conservative acts, he has confined them to the privacy of his home.

Conservatives thus waited glumly for the day when they would have to face him in national elections. Their wait was suddenly prolonged when an Oldsmobile sedan was found, on July 19, 1969, sunken, belly up, in Poucha Pond. Kennedy's explanations satisfied the voters of Massachusetts; but Chappaquiddick kept him away from two Democratic conventions.

Kennedy's candidacy is generally presumed moribund, the only remaining question being just when someone will pull the plug and disconnect the life-support systems

And two would be all, according to many commentators, including the editor of this magazine: "I cling tenaciously to the position that the American people are prepared to forget Chappaquiddick." So far, the commentators have been wrong; the stories have continued to appear, evidently satisfying some sort of demand—from leering gossip in the *New York Post*, to tidal analyses and computer reconstructions in *Reader's Digest*.

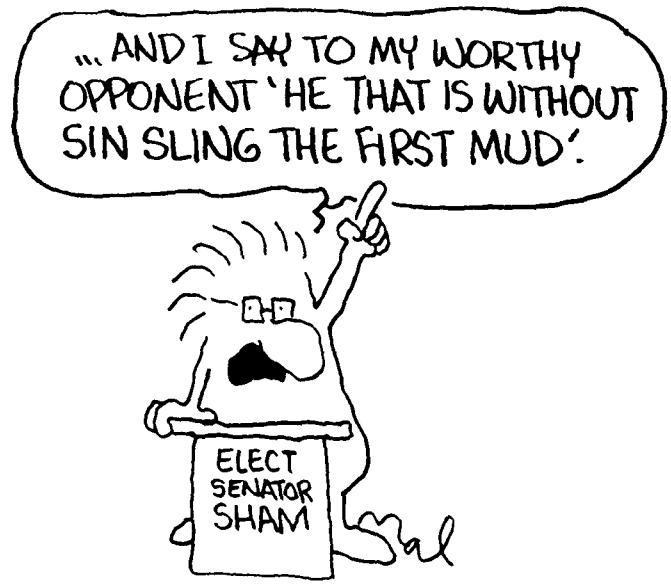
Michael Novak has shrewdly suggested that insofar as Chappaquiddick reflects marital problems, it could well redound to Kennedy's advantage: the normal family is more tempestuous than—well, than normal, and Americans may be inclined to sympathize. But Chappaquiddick raises a host of other issues: panic, cowardice, calculation, perjury, obstruction of justice, manslaughter. Kennedy steadfastly refuses to give any answers different from those he has been giving for the last 11 years. If the voters decide that these answers are unsatisfactory, Kennedy has boxed himself in.

This is not the only restriction that has been dragging on the Kennedy campaign. Throughout the summer of 1979, as Cabinet officers dropped like flies, and Carter's poll ratings kissed Richard Nixon's, Democrat after Democrat came to Kennedy, urging him to save the party from electoral debacle. The opportunity was clear: Kennedy could present himself as more than the candidate of Freak House or the Harvard Faculty Club. How to seize the opportunity? Senator Henry Jackson offered a bald formula: run to Carter's left at home, to his right abroad. Kennedy was not willing to draw upon himself so severe a case of the political bends; yet his rhetoric on all fronts softened microscopically.

THINGS went wrong the week of his announcement. The capture of the American Embassy transformed the obvious impostor in the Oval Office into a seeming President. Kennedy, his program unclear, rambled (to Roger Mudd) or blurted impulsively (the Shah presided over one of the "most violent" regimes in history). In desperation, his Iowa campaign managers said that Carter would have to win 51 per cent of the vote in order to consider himself the victor. Carter won 60 per cent.

Kennedy's remedy, adumbrated in his Georgetown speech after the Iowa caucuses, was a left turn. He slammed the oil companies and the "military-industrial complex." He called for gasoline rationing, a six-month wage-price freeze, and a United Nations Commission to investigate Iranian grievances. The speech enspirited his campaign staff—many of whom had worked for McGovern, McCarthy, or Bobby—and he began pulling in student volunteers. His campaign now sounds coherent; most important, the candidate seems to believe he has a reason for running. Kennedy has gained these advantages by trading in a good deal of his room to maneuver. The exchange probably saved his candidacy, but he may regret it later on.

For the deepest contradiction Kennedy faces lies embedded in the liberalism he espouses. He tapped it, unobtrusively enough, in his speech before the American Jewish Congress. He spoke, in a moving paragraph, of harried old people, struggling workers, anxious parents. He correctly



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identified, moreover, the forces that could lighten their economic burdens—investment, productivity, competition. Yet he proposed to unleash these forces by—a wage-price freeze, and conservation. What he offers with the right hand, he takes back with the left. He is like an artist, a mad Dutch genre painter, who unaccountably fills a harvest scene—noon sun, nodding sheaves—with screech owls.

KENNEDY: SKIDDING IN ILLINOIS. DOES KENNEDY REALLY WANT IT? SUPERMAN CRASHES. CAMELOT COLLAPSING. KENNEDY IS THROUGH. KENNEDY CAMP STARTS TO LAY OFF SOME OF ITS STAFF. Kennedy's candidacy is generally presumed moribund, the only remaining question being just when someone will pull the plug and disconnect the life-support systems. . . .

At the start of the campaign, the Kennedy entourage, press and staff, filled two chartered jets. Those palmy days are past. Kennedy leaves New York next morning for Nashua, New Hampshire in one small craft. Reporters not lucky enough to have sold their eye-teeth for a seat make their way as best they can.

New Hampshire is suffering from a disease, which manifests itself in rashes of signs—Carter, Kennedy, Brown; Reagan, Bush, Baker, Connally, Crane, Dole; even LaRouche (the Iranian militants, notes the latest issue of *New Solidarity*, do not trouble to hide their Jesuit connections). May one say that the primary system has gotten out of control—so out of control, that the democratist ideology it purported to serve is now openly subverted? For the state of New Hampshire, which used to torment the rest of the nation with "color" pieces on its snows and its dour farmers and the *Manchester Union Leader*, all because it voted first—now, what with caucuses, and straw votes, and polls and polls and polls (all worthless as the paper the dollar is printed on) straggles in a tardy tenth or twelfth.

Kennedy is speaking at Rivier College, a Catholic school whose benefactors have names like Bourgeois and LaMontagne. A hundred and twenty chairs have been set up in the Student Center. They are filled, with about forty more people standing up. Seventy reporters crowd into their chunk of room. Four women in the street hold a green and white Carter banner, and Brown supporters pass out fliers criticizing Kennedy's opposition to nuclear power as being insufficiently strident, and announcing a Brown meeting that night in the Nashua Oddfellows Building (unfortunate choice of venue).

Senator Durkin introduces Kennedy. "It takes a long time to count the votes in New Hampshire," he jokes, "but every vote counts." So Richard III probably joked about regicide.

Kennedy gives his best speech of the last two days. He manages to fuse enthusiasm and sobriety. When he mentions his birthday wishes (they all go on the primary now), a woman starts singing "Happy Birthday." He hums along, not coercing the audience to join, just accompanying. It's impish and unexpected, and people laugh. He likes being an underdog, he says—it's just like the United States hockey team (Jimmy Carter, whose memories of hockey during those crisp winters in Plains are among the brightest of his life, is meanwhile having the team over for a lobster lunch at the White House). He defends his position on gun control (he's had to do a lot of that here)—against Saturday-night specials only, he says, no quarrel with hunters and sportsmen. He says he would halt Seabrook (Brown be damned). He makes his biggest pitch for economic controls: you can "face up to the problem," or duck it. His tone is lecturing.

He spent the rest of the day hopping from city to city—Springfield, Northampton, Burlington. To no avail. When the returns came in, Kennedy trailed by 11 percentage points—his third straight loss, his second loss in New England.

It will get darker before it gets brighter. Home state victories count for nothing, and three Southern primaries—Alabama, Georgia, and Florida—will give Kennedy nothing. Illinois, Kennedy's first chance for a breath of air, looks grimmer and grimmer. Mayor Byrne, the gossip-mongers gossip, is inept; Carter is lining up support all over the state.

The President's current swell of popularity cannot last all the way to November. At some point, the economic situation is going to break. Carter is also the most vulnerable Iranian hostage; foreign policy could topple him as quickly as it raised him up, the more so since Carter's "actions" have been completely unprincipled and ad hoc.

It looks increasingly possible, however, that Edward Kennedy will not be around to take advantage of the crash when it comes. □

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Abroad

Montreal *In a State's Bosom*

The victory of Pierre Trudeau in the Canadian elections, and especially in the Province of Quebec, where his Liberals swept the boards, in no way diminishes the problem of French separatism, which his short-lived predecessor Joe Clark had no time to deal with. As things stand now, Quebec Premier René Lévesque still plans a referendum in April on his widely touted idea for "sovereignty-association" of French Canada with the rest of the country, meaning that Quebec would have complete control of its economic affairs while sharing political control with Ottawa. The election was contested mainly on budgetary and energy issues. But the problem of a divided country and how to make its very distinct parts work together will remain the overriding challenge to Trudeau's new government. French nationalism has become the most obvious, as well as the most awkward, symbol of this division. Trudeau's French origins make him popular in the eastern part of the country where the French live, but it is a popularity which may prove a political milestone in any truly national attempt to settle the fate of Quebec. What Lord Durham said of Canada in 1840 is still valid: "I found two nations warring in the bosom of a single state."

Ankara *Saving Turkey*

The Western effort to save the Turkish economy from bankruptcy and Turkey itself from a fate akin to that of Iran has swung into high gear. West German Finance Minister Hans Matthoefer recently left here with the promised intention of seeking $2.5 billion from Western treasuries to cover this year's Turkish balance-of-payments deficit, and will travel to London, Washington, and Ottawa with this in view. For three years now the Turkish economy has been in severe recession. Inflation continues to rise rapidly, and morale among Turkish businessmen, large and small, is at an all-time low. With the recession has come an increase in social violence, especially among the urban poor clustered in shantytowns around the country's biggest cities. In the three months since Premier Suleyman Demirel took office, for example, terrorists have murdered more than six hundred people, and at Izmir, site of Turkey's principal NATO base, there have been pitched battles between government troops and workers occupying factories. Martial law, which has been in effect in 19 of the country's 67 provinces, will soon be given an extension of two months and will be widened to include the Izmir region. The Afghanistan crisis has highlighted Turkey's key situation in the Middle East as the only NATO member to have a common frontier with the Soviet Union and also as an arena of Islamic awakening. A recent military and economic agreement with the United States heralds some relief. The Turkish armed forces are equipped with the oldest weapons in the Atlantic Alliance, much of the material dating from just after the Second World War. Moscow meanwhile has given Turkey considerable economic assistance and is dangling an important credit package before officials in Ankara.

San José *Trouble in Semi-Paradise*

Fear of Communist infiltration has been aroused in the Republic of Costa Rica, long known as the Switzerland of Latin America for its peace and stability. So attractive are the Costa Rican climate, life, and living standard that several thousand Americans have retired there to avocado and orange plantations and housing colonies near the capital. Trouble has been brewing since mid-December, when twenty thousand employees of the American Standard Fruit Company went on strike for shorter hours. Although most of the strikers' demands were met, the tension resulted in an outburst of violence last month in the Atlantic Coast town of Puerto Limón. Eight people were wounded when a detachment of the Civil Guard opened fire after its men were pelted with stones. The incident has threatened to trigger other strikes in the country. President Carazo Odio blamed local Communists and expelled two Soviet diplomats and assorted Communist agitators, including three Cubans and a Bulgarian. The unrest has been fueled by the recent upheavals elsewhere in Central America, including the overthrow of the Somoza dictatorship in neighboring Nicaragua, the civil war in El Salvador, and terrorism in Guatemala by elements of the extreme Left.

Berne *Militant Swiss*

The Swiss government is planning to re-equip its armed forces with American Tiger fighter planes and British anti-aircraft missiles in an effort to modernize its defenses against attack by armored ground columns, one kind of offensive the Swiss have traditionally prepared for. An edge has been added to the situation by current international tension resulting from the crises in Iran and Afghanistan. In the past the Swiss army used Swiss-made tanks, but the government no longer deems them adequate. The Swiss armament industry will, however, continue to turn out armored cars, gun turrets, and electronic weapons systems used in tanks which are part of Switzerland's substantial arms-export industry. These exports, incidentally, are being criticized by domestic lobbies that claim they damage Switzerland's reputation for peace and humanity.

Behrendt, *Het Parool*, Amsterdam Rothco

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GRIM, DARK EYES

Reflections on Yet Another Last Stand

JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

THE WIRE SERVICE photographs of the Afghan "rebels" are haunting, even more so than the generally workmanlike dispatches that accompany them. There is a weariness in those foreign faces, a weariness that I came to know well nearly a dozen years ago, and had all but forgotten. Even the places where I saw those grim, dark eyes —Bien Hoa, Saigon, Lai Khe, Quan Loi, Loc Ninh—have faded in my recollection to the level of well-remembered tales told me by someone else, rather than places where I lived and, a time or two, nearly died.

Americans, even those who endured the worst in Vietnam, rarely looked that way; the "thousand-yard stare" is largely an invention of hyperactive journalistic imaginations. We knew that all we had to do was stay alive for one year—the "big three six five"—and we were out. That was good for morale, though it was bad for attempts to persuade our troops and the folks back home that they had any real stake in the outcome.

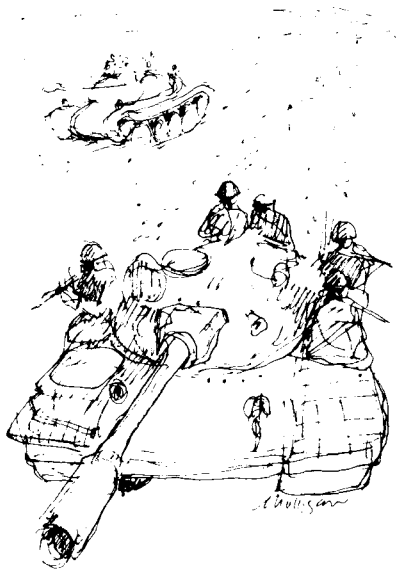
But the Vietnamese were another matter. It was their country. The war had become their life, their past and future. And all of it was reflected in those faces, the faces of nervous troops boarding our helicopters, or jumping off them amid red smoke—or green—and fire and lead; the faces of city-bred urchins begging C-rations; of nursing Montagnard mothers watching with their big, gentle eyes as our convoys rolled by; the faces of exhausted militiamen amid the flaming shells of their fortified village after a nighttime attack.

And now the faces—like the poet's burning torch—have been passed across the arc of crisis to another land few of us know anything about, to another race of people who know less about geopolitics than the average American knows about quasars, a people who ask little of life, beyond that they be permitted to live it much as they have always done since Mohammed walked the earth. Like the Vietnamese before them, they want only to be left alone.

So their very different faces have come, for me, to look very much alike; fear, desperation, resignation, the creations of a mad plastic surgeon hell-bent on uniformity. Yet there is something in their faces, even more than in the faces of the Vietnamese I knew, that I envy. Few Americans born since World War II ended have ever had the nature of this era's central crisis brought home to them in terms so stark, with the consequences of failure so plain.

They Stand Alone

The Afghans may be destroyed, but they will never be in doubt. They will never find themselves hypnotized into paralysis or benumbed to the point of amorality by futile attempts to differentiate among endless shades of grey. The blacks and whites are clear to them, as clear as the fire in their tired eyes. They stand virtually alone, and we should harbor no sentimental illusions about their prospects; the dull-witted peasant conscripted off the collective farm is likely to triumph over the gallant patriot fighting for home and hearth when the latter is armed with a hundred-year-old Mauser and the former wields an AK-47 or a 6,000-round-per-minute minicannon mounted on a flying tank. And a government willing to sacrifice ten thousand men in a week will not be dissuaded by anything short of all-out resistance.



Remember the Alamo

Arrayed against this unlikely little army is the unrestrained military strength of the world's mightiest imperial power. No one doubts the tenacity of the Afghans, but the odds are about what they were at the Alamo or the Warsaw Ghetto. And to the list of their many problems must be added the name Jimmy Carter, reputed to be the leader of the Free World. His ignorance of the nature of the forces loose in the world is a matter of public record. That record spans his entire tenure in office, from his appalling commencement address at Notre Dame, through his public foreplay with Leonid Brezhnev, to his recent astounding admissions to ABC newsman Frank Reynolds during a nationally broadcast interview. This President will go to his grave—and may send us to ours—bemused, wondering what went wrong. The answers, scattered about the world's trouble spots like so many clues on a treasure hunt, will always elude him. He would rather let the contemptible Red Chinese, who supported Pol Pot, help the Afghans. And the Afghans, they of the long memories and the long knives, will not forget. Assuming they prevail.

In the meantime, as long as these people endure, as long as the fighting and the faces are flashed around the world on the news wires every day and night, I will have no trouble imagining those makeshift redoubts, the shattered families, the fear.

And my own memories—of Black Horse, Highway One, Rocket City, John Hayes, George Bodnar, Ron Pongratz, and the other ghosts I walk around with, and all those Vietnamese —will grow no dimmer. □

Mr. Rehyansky is a veteran of Vietnam, a lawyer, and a contributor to NR.

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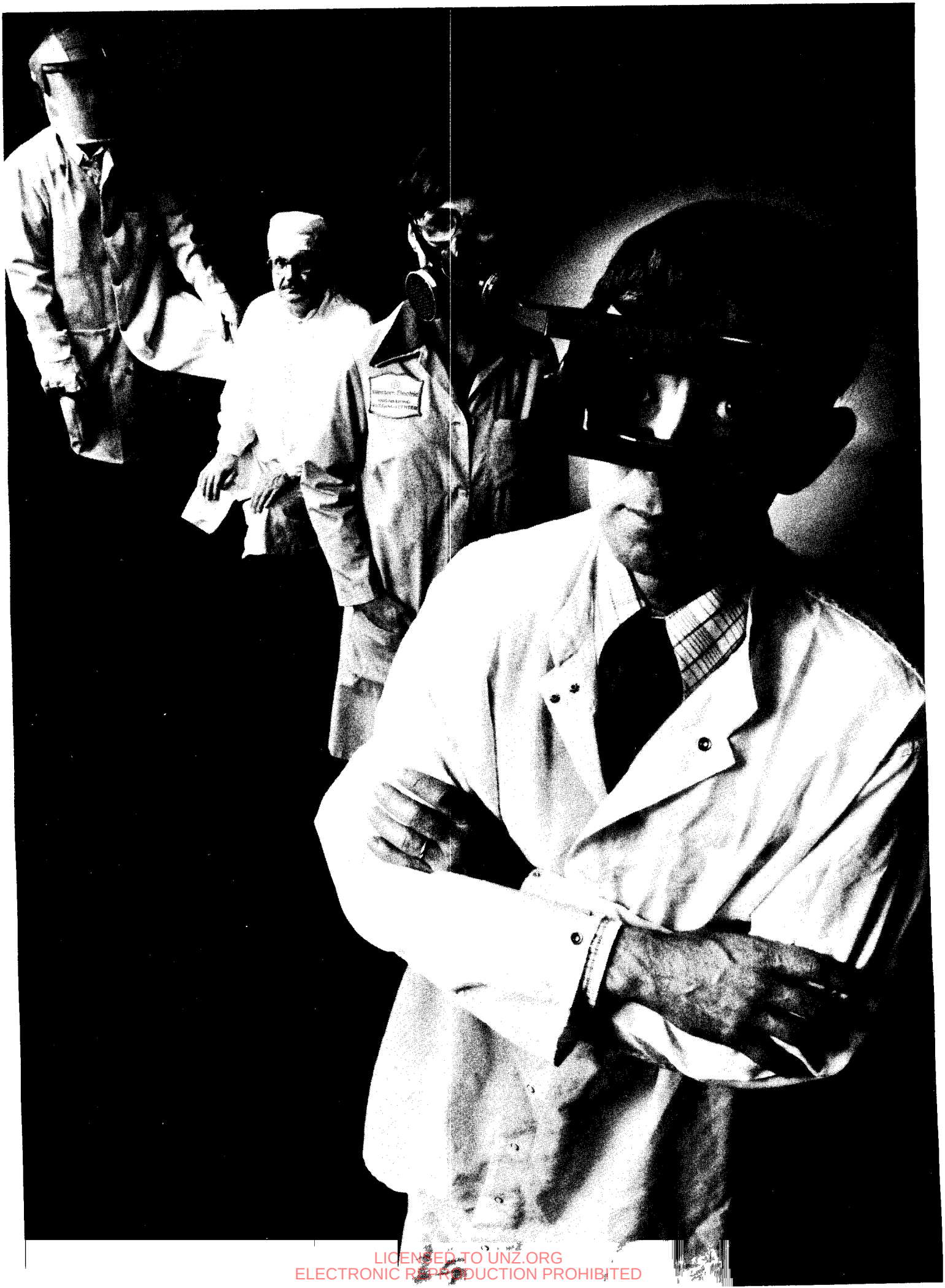

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help!!!!

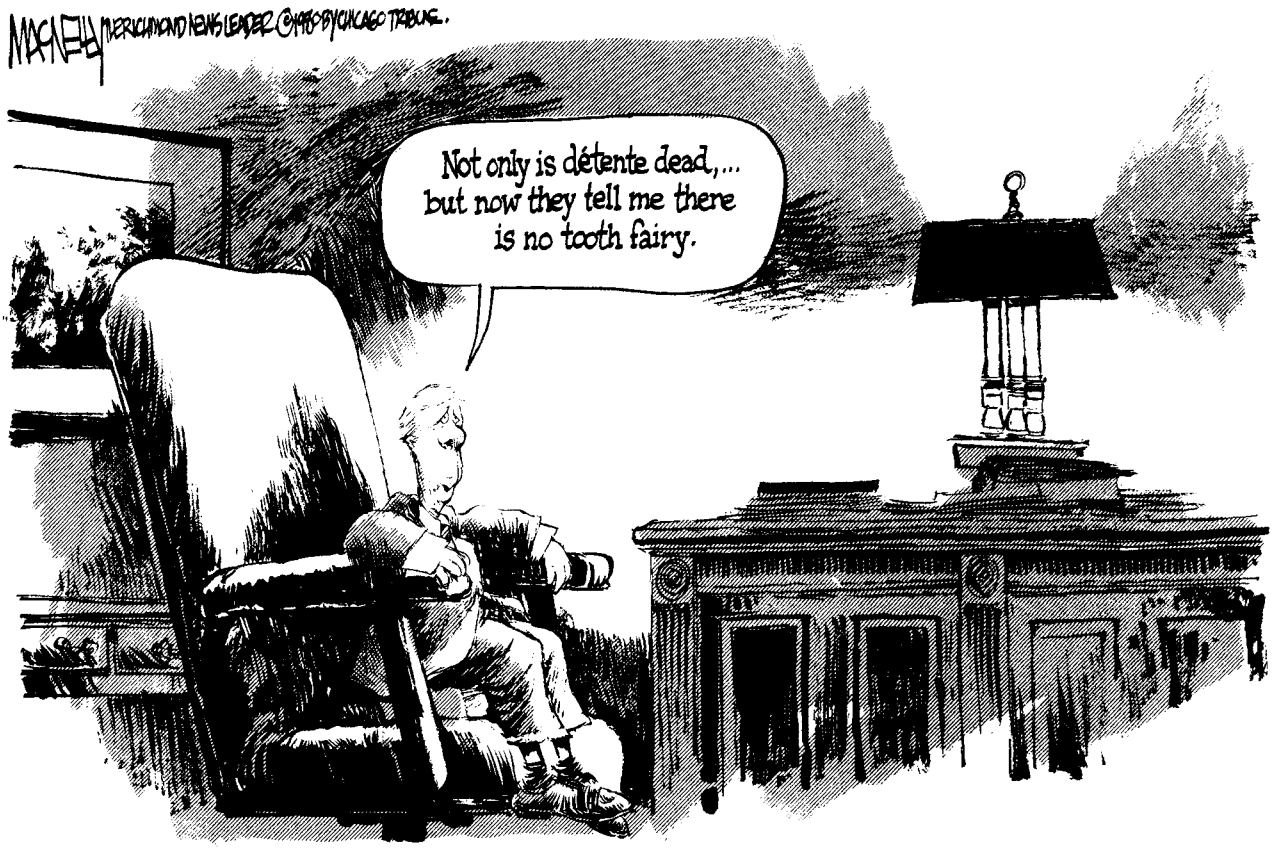
Indira's Back

After settling down in New Delhi
  With son Sanjay attached to her sleeve,
She inspected her nails, not to mention the jails,
  And invited opponents to leave.
When receiving a visiting Russian,
  She will winsomely wiggle her wen,
But the girl can't condone any law but her own.
  Mrs. Gandhi is at it again.

W. H. VON DREELE

Rothco

"What are you, a comedian? I can get a better deal from my bank!"


MACNELLY RICHMOND NEWS LEADER ©1975 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE.
Not only is détente dead,... but now they tell me there is no tooth fairy.

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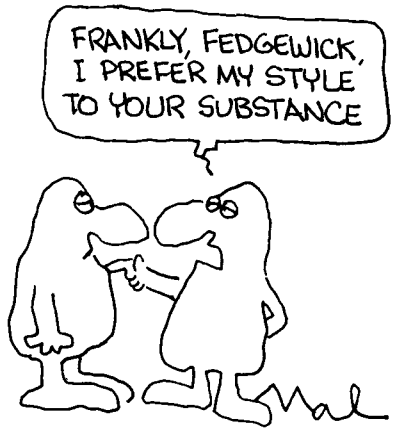

Rothco

Holland, London *Sunday Telegraph*

"No, my boy. It was written before OPEC was even thought of."

"My Bob may have a heart of stone, but he has a mouth of gold."

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LETTER FROM YALE

Communism, Sí; Straussianism, No

RICHARD VIGILANTE

IN THE SPRING of 1976, the Yale Political Science Department made it possible for Herbert Aptheker, the Communist historian, to teach at Yale for a semester. His (temporary) appointment had previously been vetoed by the relevant committee of the History Department on grounds of scholarly incompetence bordering on dishonesty. (Aptheker's work *American Negro Slave Revolts* contains accounts of 250 rebellions, most of which, according to fellow Marxist and historian of slavery Eugene Genovese, "never happened.") The committee included John Morton Blum, who had previously obtained a guest professorship for Herbert Marcuse, and self-described "Marxoid" C. Vann Woodward. The History Department's veto caused a mini-scandal on campus: Aptheker was a Communist; the assumption was that he was fired for that reason and that the principles of academic freedom had been violated. The Political Science Department stepped in and gave Aptheker the appointment.

Last spring that same Political Science Department voted to deny tenure to Thomas Pangle, a young political philosopher of the Straussian school, a reputed political conservative, and very probably the most popular professor at Yale.

Pangle had published often enough, even according to those who opposed his appointment, to qualify for tenure—most recently, a luminous translation, with commentary, of Plato's *Laws*: no other scholar has come as close to making a serious reading of that work possible for those who cannot read the original.

The Yale Course Critique labeled him one of Yale's most brilliant lecturers. It became a standard piece of advice to freshmen not to miss the first two lectures of "Introduction to Political Philosophy" even if they couldn't fit the course into their schedules. In the first class the students heard that what they could learn from a group of texts written by men who would have flatly rejected the most fundamental assumptions of liberal democracy was more important for them to know than anything else they were likely to learn at Yale. The second lecture discussed the *Apology*, which recounts the trial, for impiety, of the founder of political philosophy, and the *Crito*, which describes the decision of that founder, presumably qualified to debate with the Laws of Athens, to submit to the Laws of Athens. In a few years it became Yale's largest course, despite Pangle's invention of a new grade, F-, with which to chastize his less rigorous students.

After the decision Pangle filed a grievance with the University charging that he was denied tenure because of impermissible prejudice against his reputed political views and his association with Leo Strauss. Halfway through the deliberations of the three-man committee appointed to review Pangle's candidacy, a fourth professor, a committed anti-Straussian, was added. Another member of the committee, opposed to Pangle, reportedly explained to him that no one in the Political Science Department felt competent to judge Pangle's work on Plato and that opposition to him was centering on his Straussianism. Transcripts of conversations verified by witnesses indicate that even Pangle's purely exegetic work was considered objectionable. One professor told his students, "There are two types who should never be allowed to teach here—Leninists and Straussians."

Leo Strauss, 1899-1973, proceeded from the assumption, which he believed he shared with Socrates, that there is a great gulf between political philosophy properly pursued and the moral and social consensus necessary for cultural survival. The political philosopher is constantly asking: "What is the good?" and therefore runs the risk of a violent collision with society, which is constantly asking: "Which is *our* way?" A wise political philosopher will write and also teach in such a way as to avoid that collision if possible and do the least harm to his country (while yet instructing it) and himself.

The very fact that the true political philosopher is dangerous proved for Strauss the validity of the philosopher's task: instructing men and countries about their proper ends and making (gently) radical critiques of root assumptions. By contrast, modern political science (which completely dominates the Yale department) limits itself to describing what a society actually is like rather than discussing what it ought to be like.

The University set aside the Political Science Department's decision on a technicality and created a new committee to review candidates, including Pangle, for the position. But the University affirmed the right of the Political Science Department to reject Straussians *per se* as long as the rejection was academically and not politically or personally motivated. Thus academic freedom, meant to be a form of institutionalized tolerance for serious disagreements, was reduced to an unenforceable protection against professorial bitchiness. Pangle, disgusted, resigned and accepted a tenured position at the University of Toronto.

WHY WAS academic freedom given to Aptheker? By the standards of value-free political science, Communism must be tolerated and studied because it is a historical phenomenon and, since 1917, an anthropological fact. If a value system manifests itself in history (however remotely) it is, by those standards, a legitimate object of study.

Straussianism is not given protection on those grounds because the classical political philosopher, whom the Straussians emulate, as a critic precisely resists becoming a phenomenon. And to the political scientists the Straussians are irksome: Strauss, along with a very few other modern thinkers, has presented the only significant challenge to contemporary political science. By denying the role of the philosopher as rational critic of political phenomena, the most apparently tolerant school of political thought, value-free political science, becomes as intolerant of philosophy as those self-protective political institutions from which universities are supposed to serve as a refuge. □

Mr. Vigilante graduated from Yale in 1978 with a degree in philosophy.

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HOW BAD WAS IT?

The Shah vs. Khomeini

ROBERT C. DE CAMARA

BEFORE THE SHOUTING starts up again, let's fix a cool, appraising, Bakeresque eye on the Shah: What did he do and when did he do it?

Specifically, the Shah has been accused of having had under lock and key either 350,000 or 100,000 foes of his regime (according to Khomeini and exile sources as far back as the mid-Seventies) and of having killed 100,000 enemies (Khomeini).

The issue has now been joined, and it is at least conceivable that the UN Commission now in Teheran will be less than a model of dispassionate analysis. The temptation will be to measure truth with a decibel meter. In this lull, what does the record show, insofar as anybody was counting? How many killed or murdered, how many imprisoned, how many tortured—if any?

One begins with SAVAK. Formed in 1957, SAVAK, the National Intelligence and Security Organization, was handed far-ranging powers to go with a loosely drawn penal code. SAVAK investigated opponents of the Shah, arrested them, could and did detain them indefinitely without filing charges, and encouraged them to confess.

In the next stage of the legal process, SAVAK switched hats and, in the role of hearing examiner, remanded prisoners to trial after weighing its own evidence. Persons accused of political crimes were sent before military tribunals which, after 1972, tried cases in secret. Guilt or innocence was determined by the evidence in the SAVAK dossiers alone, without witnesses and, of course, without defense lawyers.

It would be surprising in such a system if there were not abuses. But on what scale?

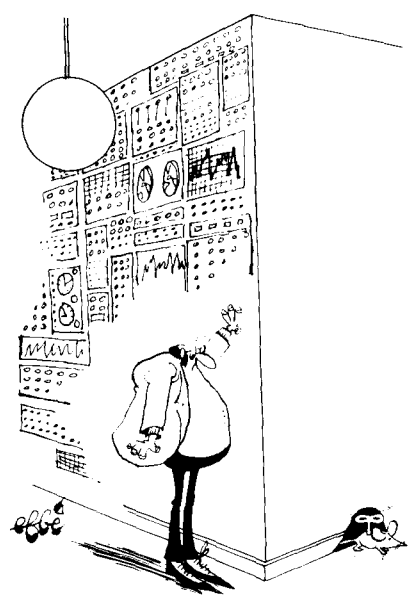
On the basis of the best available figures, it looks as if the Shah's arithmetic is better than Khomeini's. In 1976, for example, the Shah told *Le Monde* that there were "perhaps three thousand" political prisoners in his jails. For the same year, Charles W. Naas, a U.S. State Department official, set the figure at 3,700 during one head count. William J. Butler of the International Commission of Jurists (ICJ) says today he doubts the number ever rose above 3,500 or so.

Mr. de Camara is the winner of four first-place awards from the Maryland-Delaware Press Association.

On a global list of political prisoners per million of population, compiled by James D. Seymour for an article in the quarterly publication *Universal Human Rights*, Iran under the Shah ranked 22nd. Some countries with worse records were Cuba, Ethiopia, and East Germany; and, in the immediate region, Pakistan, Oman, and Syria. Other notorious offenders (e.g., Iraq and South Yemen in the Mideast) were lumped in a special unranked category for lack of hard data.

"Political prisoner" or "detainee" as used by such organizations as ICJ, Amnesty International (AI) and the International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC) means something different from the way that term is understood in this country. Here, it generally means what AI refers to as a "prisoner of conscience"; that is, someone incarcerated for his political views. The rights groups apply the description "political prisoner" to bomb-throwers and pamphleteers alike, although, in fairness, SAVAK was not always or even usually forthcoming as to the nature of the suspects' offenses.

In interviews the Shah was inclined to portray all political activists behind bars as terrorists. Many were. It is clear that some were not, and AI cites "theologians, writers, theater directors, actors, and university teachers" arrested for non-violent political activities. In one year AI had "adopted" or was considering adopting 114 Iranians as prisoners of conscience. Heavy contributors to the prison population were Islamic and Marxist guerrilla groups (Mujahedin, Fedayan), and local autonomy movements (Kurdish, Baluchi, Azerbaijani).



© Frans de Boer, Amsterdam

It is also clear that prisoners were tortured. The testimony from many sources is overwhelming, including this account from an ex-prisoner published in *Index on Censorship*:

> It [the torture room] resembles an ancient Egyptian tomb and is reserved for those suspected of being terrorists or accused of having made attempts on the life of the Shah or a member of the royal family. Not every prisoner goes through the same process, but generally this is what happens to a prisoner of the first importance. First he is beaten by several torturers at once, with sticks and clubs. If he doesn't confess, he is hanged upside down and beaten; if this doesn't work, he is (homosexually) raped; if he still shows signs of resistance, he is given electric shock which turns him into a howling dog; if he is still obstinate, his nails and sometimes all his teeth are pulled out.

How many died? A hundred thousand, as Khomeini claims? Although the available statistics are fragmentary, the Ayatollah's figure again seems wildly inflated. AI apparently did not start thorough record-keeping until 1972. From that date, the Shah's government announced the executions of 62 persons for political crimes, according to AI, which thinks the true number was "considerably in excess of three hundred." However, the organization's official yearbooks show only two persons executed after mid-1977, one the murderer of a U.S. Embassy employee and the other a general convicted of espionage.

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Another unknown number died under torture, were shot and killed while "resisting arrest," or were taken out of jail by SAVAK and illicitly executed. And some people simply disappeared. There is no guess as to how many these would be," says an AI official.

The Shah himself, in the David Frost interview, put the total number of political deaths at "certainly below one thousand," and Frost said his researchers estimated one thousand to 1,500 from 1963 to mid-1977. Another three thousand people, it is thought, died in the 1963 uprising, and five thousand during the revolution that ousted the Shah. Altogether, the deaths from 1963 to the Shah's exile in January 1979 come to perhaps ten thousand, an estimate endorsed by Butler of the ICJ.

A State Department authority says, "If people want a number, that's fair enough. There's really no way of knowing for sure . . . The thing to remember is that the Shah was a Persian king; no better, no worse than other Persian kings. That's the context to look at." Butler observes. "I think [the Shah is] way down the list of tyrants. He would not even make the A list."

For a grisly comparison, it might be noted that, in the last decade, Idi Amin is blamed for 300,000 deaths in Uganda, Pol Pot and Heng Samrin for two to three million in Cambodia, and Macias Nguema for fifty thousand in Equatorial Guinea, a country with a population of 320,000 (or less than one-hundredth that of Iran, where a proportionate number of deaths would be well over five million). In next-door Afghanistan, the Communist regime executed six thousand political enemies in the space of a year—thousands more than the Shah, it seems, during his entire reign.

In 1976, which in retrospect was a watershed year, the Shah was converted, as it were, by a born-again American President-elect. Even before Jimmy Carter took office, the Shah instituted reforms aimed at mollifying the rights-conscious leader-to-be of the Western bloc. In early 1977 he extended invitations to the heads of AI, ICRC, and ICJ to visit Teheran. In personal audiences, he informed AI's Martin Ennals and ICJ's Butler that he had ordered torture stopped, and he challenged Butler to produce a single instance since the previous September. He opened the prisons to the Red Cross.

Butler says the Shah promised "substantial changes" in the military-procedures code for trying those accused of political crimes. Shortly after, bills to this purpose were submitted to the Iranian legislature and were passed in August 1977. In October 1977 the House Subcommittee on International Organizations called a hearing on human rights in Iran. Attending were Butler; Charles Naas, State's director of Iranian affairs; and two professors.

Professor Richard W. Cottam of the University of Pittsburgh, an Iran specialist, told the subcommittee that the Shah "had responded in ways that are not simply cosmetic." "Iran is a country in which the Carter human rights proposals have had a major impact," Cottam declared: "the Shah is willing to accommodate President Carter's human-rights eccentricity." Butler told the subcommittee the ICJ was unaware of any cases of torture in Iran in the preceding ten or 11 months.

Naas testified that the U.S. Government had received no reports of torture in Iran in 1977. He pointedly told about a writer for Belgium's *Le Soir* who was granted interviews with prisoners rumored by exiles to have been crippled or killed by torture. The journalist had found the prisoners in good health. Furthermore, Naas said, the number of prisoners had dwindled to 2,200 at the time of the hearing. (The Red Cross, whose figures are probably the most authoritative of any because of their exclusive on-scene inspections, puts the prisoner tally at 3,500 for 1977, down to 2,100 for 1978.)

In the event, some of the penal-code changes failed to materialize. Trials remained closed. However, defendants did get the right to a civilian lawyer of their choice and more time to prepare a case. Except for occasional freelancing by SAVAK or the gendarmerie, torture apparently ceased.

The consensus of the watchdog organizations is that, beginning in 1976, Iran's performance in human rights improved markedly.

A notable dissenter to this view on occasion has been Amnesty International. Following a mission to Iran in late 1978, during which about sixty ex-prisoners and their families and friends were interviewed, the organization accused the Shah of "gross hypocrisy" and said that torture "has been practiced systematically throughout the country and has not stopped." It bolstered the charge with recent cases—but only three.

Two months later, presumably with fresh evidence on hand from that mission, AI issued a fuller report on torture—but, curiously, only for the years 1971 to 1976. A preface to the report did acknowledge that torture "appeared to have decreased since early in 1977."

In December 1979, AI renewed the hypocrisy-and-systematic-torture charge without mention of any lessening. However, New York lawyer David Emil, who led that last AI mission to Iran, has this to say: "It's undoubtedly true there was a big change between '76 and the fall of the Shah. It could be characterized as an end of systematic torture. A lot of the more medieval aspects ended. Very cruel tortures were no longer practiced." Prisoners were still subjected to what Emil termed "psychological torture"—cold and wet cells, random kicks and blows, verbal abuse, deprivation of sleep.

Most compelling is the Red Cross's confidential report to the Shah on its inspections of Iranian prisons in 1977 and 1978. After portions favorable to the Khomeini regime were leaked earlier this year, the Red Cross released the full text of the document.

Two visits to Iran by the Red Cross in the spring of 1977 had uncovered complaints of torture and marks on inmates at 16 of 18 prisons, according to a *New York Times* dispatch from Geneva. Returning in the fall, Red Cross doctors found no new marks, and "virtually all" of the prisoners denied that they were being ill-treated. Trips the next spring and summer disclosed further improvements in prison conditions.

The Red Cross had access to all prisoners for physical checkups and private interviews.

"Things improved in '77 and '78," says Dr. Raymond Gastil, an Iran expert at Freedom House. "He let quite a few people out of jail, and they told their horror stories to the press, which was able to print them since censorship had eased. So it might have looked as though things hadn't improved, but they really had. I'm sure that any torture that went on [after 1976] was ad hoc."

(Continues on page 369)

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THE PASSING SCENE

The Shadow Of Alice Roosevelt Longworth

FRANCIS RUSSELL

IT IS THE first week in December of 1968, an afternoon fading in a hard brassy light; no longer autumn, not quite winter, though the juncoes and the tree sparrows are back at the feeder on the dogwood tree outside my window. Now the leaves are gone I can see the dividing line of ocean on the horizon; Simpkin the tabby is asleep in the out-basket on my desk. The telephone rings. A woman's voice, clearly accustomed to command. "This," says the imperial voice, "is Alice Roosevelt Longworth, I have just finished your Harding biography."

I swivel in my chair. Two weeks after the publication of *The Shadow of Blooming Grove* the knives are out for me. For the Ohio Historical Society my book is "a prime example of the self-designated historical writers that gain fame and fortune tearing down everything in our past to the level of their own inadequacy." Already the Harding heirs are busy suing me for a million dollars because of the shadow. Harding's nephew, Dr. George Harding, has sworn he is going to ruin me. I have sketched Mrs. Longworth in my last chapters. Is this a more sophisticated rapier thrust?

"I—er—hope you liked the book," I say lamely.

"Yes, very much," the imperial voice flows on. "Whenever I read a book and like it, I call up the author. I never write letters. Your book brought the feeling of those Harding days back to me."

"I wrote from letters and documents and sometimes from hearsay," I explain apologetically. "But you saw those people in the flesh, heard them talk. Did my book ring true?"

"Yes," she said, "or I'd not have called you. A few things you did get wrong. You made my Nick Speaker of the House two years before he really was. And you had Florence Harding call her husband 'Wurr'n.' That wasn't the way she said it. She said 'Wah-rrrn!'—as if she were clearing her throat. But the rest rang true enough, the McLeans and the others. Only you didn't get it quite right about the payoff to Carrie Phillips. After Harding was nominated, Albert Lasker gave him $25,000 to get rid of her. Lasker carried the money in a briefcase to Harding's house late one night, stood under the bedroom, and called up. Harding opened the window, then came downstairs in his pyjamas and took the money. But it was Harding, not Lasker, who gave it to Carrie. Of course we all knew about it. Yes, I enjoyed your book. Reading is what is left to me now. When you are in Washington," she concludes abruptly, "come to tea." The receiver clicks.

Blips in the Text

That was my one personal contact with Alice Roosevelt Longworth. Because of the Harding law suit I had been forced to delete some 2,500 words from my book where I had quoted from the love letters I had uncovered from Harding to Carrie Phillips. The deletions appeared as blips in the text, but the actual words were printed in the galleys and circulated among various book clubs and editors. (Although the letters are supposedly sealed until 2014, extracts leak out from time to time. By today's drugstore-rack standards their eroticism is mild enough.) Having a set of galleys, I sent Mrs. Longworth photostats of the deletions. "Thanks to you I am now giving Harding readings in Washington," she wrote back. Later a publisher suggested that I write her biography. When I mentioned it, she replied that her life might serve as a footnote to other biographies but was not important enough for a biography of its own. Her letter, with the address in gold leaf on writing paper thick as cardboard, was the last I ever had from her.

I had once served under her half-brother, Theodore Roosevelt Jr., in my brief time in the American Army before going on to Canada. At the time I looked down on him, though later I came to pity him. Because I one day planned to write about half-brother Ted, I never did accept her invitation to a tea with its celebrated chocolate cake, never did see the house with the poison-ivy patch in front of it nor the sofa with its embroidered cushion: If You Can't Say Anything Good about Anyone Sit Next to Me. I was afraid of being overpowered by her graciousness to the point that I should not be able afterward to write about the play-soldier colonel, her half-brother. Long afterward I sent her a copy of my *President-Makers*. She did not reply, perhaps by then was too old to read.

Thanks to Czolgosz

Yet somehow I thought of her as beyond time; before the murdered McKinley, after the murdered Kennedy. "The founder of our family fortunes," she called the anarchist Czolgosz who had assassinated McKinley. She had seen them all from McKinley, Taft, Harding, to Johnson and Nixon, equal living presences. She had watched the slogans crumble, as she knew they would: Square Deals; Fair Deals; New Deals; New Frontiers; Great Societies. And she had endured, with malicious wit toward all. Now, inconceivably, she is gone. May she rest in peace is the last thing I should wish her. She would detest it. □

Mr. Russell is a contributing editor of NR.

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THE SIBERIAN SEVEN

The Guests in the Basement

KEVIN LYNCH

"It is also wrong, and patently unfair, to imply that we in the Embassy are indifferent to the plight of these people, and indeed of others like them in the Soviet Union. I can assure you that the U.S. Government is deeply concerned about these families, and is continuing to do everything it can to help them."

—Thomas R. Hutson, American Consul, U.S. Embassy, Moscow

"Which one of you is going to have the courage to go back to Chernogorsk first?"

—Unnamed U.S. Embassy official, as quoted in the *Los Angeles Times*, December 29

THE THIRD DAY of Christmas—December 27—marked the 18th month of asylum for seven Russian Pentecostals sealed inside the U.S. Embassy in Moscow. From one perspective, little has changed since *NR*'s first report on the seven, five members of the Vashchenko family and two members of the Chmykhalov family ("Down and Out in the U.S. Embassy," August 31). They haven't seen any members of their families in Chernogorsk, Siberia since they surprised the Soviet guards and dashed inside the Embassy on June 27, 1978; their only contact remains by mail and telephone, when the Soviets permit. In all these months Soviet officials have offered no promise that they will allow the families to emigrate. As for the U.S. Embassy, it persists in its stated position that the families would be better off if they returned to their homes in Chernogorsk and, as seen above, continues to urge them to do so. But while the overall picture remains the same, details have changed, some of them for the better.

The day-to-day existence of the seven inside the Embassy has improved somewhat since *NR*'s first report.

—First of all, Ambassador Malcolm Toon retired in October. Usually classed as a hard-liner on the Soviet Union (an image he buffed in all his farewell interviews), those close to the seven readily grant one thing: Toon was a hard-liner on them. It's too soon to judge Toon's successor, Thomas J. Watson Jr., the former head of IBM, but he is believed to be more sympathetic to the families than was Toon. The main concern is that Watson, a diplomatic novice, is very much a team player, and never in 18 months has any member of the Carter team extended himself on behalf of the families.

—Interviews with the press may now take place indoors rather than in the Embassy courtyard. This concession is especially welcome now in winter.

—Mail is getting through to them from the West, thanks largely to the efforts of two Alabama dynamos, Jane Drake, head of the Society of Americans for Vashchenko Emigration, and Babette Wampold, president of the Alabama Council to Save Soviet Jews. The two women succeeded in getting Congress to approve a resolution condemning Soviet interference with the mails. Prior to the resolution, about two dozen letters had trickled through to the families in the first ten months of 1979; since the resolution, about 1,200 letters have reached them.

—Perhaps most important of all, the deeply religious families are now permitted to attend Catholic Mass inside the Embassy. This concession came last autumn, and, as with most of the Embassy's humanitarian gestures, it came only after pressure was applied, in the form of an open letter from the seven to Pope John Paul II. "We should like very much to attend the Catholic services here in the Embassy," the families wrote, "however, we did not receive permit from the Consulate. The Consulate has not refused us flatly, so the whole world would not get the impression that we are being confined here like in prison." A short while later the families were worshipping with their fellow Christians.

Some things haven't changed at all. Their living quarters remain the same—a room in the basement of the Embassy. The State Department, in its form letter reply to those who inquire about the families, reassuringly notes that they have been "provided with a furnished apartment equipped for cooking." The "apartment" is one room, approximately 12 feet by 15 feet, and is furnished with two single beds for the seven (three of them sleep on the floor). But the seven never complain of being cramped. The Vashchenkos, who have a total of 15 people in their family, have about as much room in the Embassy as they do in their two-room house in Chernogorsk. In addition to such undreamt-of luxuries as a refrigerator, washer, and drier, they have something their kinsmen back in Chernogorsk would really covet—an indoor toilet. In short, though their living quarters are minuscule by Western standards, the families are well cared for physically. Whether they are well cared for politically is another question.

Toward the end of August, four congressmen descended into the cellar to visit them, one of whom was Representative Robert K. Dornan (R., Calif.). Obviously moved by what he had seen, Dornan later confronted a Soviet official and asked if he could take the seven and the other members of their families back to the States with him on the congressional plane. The Soviet official replied that he couldn't let him do that since the U.S. Embassy had never officially requested permission for the families to leave. At the time of Dornan's request, the families had been confined in the Embassy for 14 months, during every one of which the U.S. Government supposedly was, as Mr. Hutson wrote in his letter quoted above, "continuing to do everything it can to help them."

TOWARD the end of September, word came of a possible breakthrough; America's quiet diplomacy, it appeared, had finally triumphed. The Soviet Union offered the seven a chance to emigrate. There was only one catch: they would have to leave the Embassy and return to Chernogorsk. The U.S. Embassy, predictably, jumped at the offer and, as the *New York Times* put it, "recommended strongly" that the families ac-

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cept it. The families, however, refused to budge. Several members had already spent years in Soviet prisons and psychiatric hospitals in punishment for previous visits to the Embassy; this time the punishment would undoubtedly be more severe. In their earlier visits they had quickly departed the Embassy after brief conversations with U.S. officials; this visit, at the time of the Soviet offer, had lasted 15 months. Though Toon was extremely perturbed by their decision, a different sort of hard-liner was greatly relieved. Soviet dissident Aleksandr Ginzburg dismissed the offer as a trick to get the families out.

Having failed to lure them out by diplomatic means, the Soviets reverted to methods they're more familiar with. Peter and Augustina Vashchenko have ten children not in the Embassy. Maria Chmykhalov has a husband and four children in Chernogorsk. If the Soviets can't punish the seven physically, they can still punish them psychologically.

Both families have suffered from their months of separation, but of all those outside of the Embassy, Aleksandr Vashchenko—Sasha—is probably the most vulnerable. Imprisoned in a labor camp in the Krasnoyarsk territory for his conscientious refusal to serve in the army, he is separated from both wings of his family, the five in the Embassy and his nine brothers and sisters in Chernogorsk.

No inmate of a Soviet labor camp enjoys anything but a miserable existence, but there are degrees of misery. Late in December the Vashchenkos learned that Sasha had been sent to the isolation cell, a place harrowingly described by Vladimir Bukovsky in *To Build a Castle*. Food every other day. Bed is a wooden plank. "The place is indescribably filthy," writes Bukovsky. "Dried globs of bloody saliva adorn the walls before you. And right here is where you start to go under, to slip down to the very bottom, into the ooze and the slime."

Denied correspondence privileges by the camp authorities, Sasha tried to smuggle a letter to his family in the Embassy. He was caught and sentenced to an extraordinary six months in the isolation cell. Upon learning of Sasha's sentence, the families immediately smuggled word to the West. The Research Center for Religion and Human Rights in Closed Societies, located in New York City, relayed the appeal to its network of supporters, who thereupon sent letters to the chief Soviet prosecutor as well as the head of Sasha's camp. Weighing upon everybody's mind was the belief that Sasha would never survive his sentence—five and a half months longer than the usual term in the isolation cell. Three weeks after the letter-writing campaign began, the families learned that Sasha had been removed from the isolation cell and permitted to rejoin his fellow prisoners. The authorities gave no reason for their action, but the letters from the West undoubtedly made a difference.

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In the midst of the turmoil over Sasha, Embassy officials demonstrated once more their special sensitivity toward the families. Recipients of the State Department form letter are led to believe that anyone who wishes to may visit them: the families, the letter states, "have received numerous visitors, including members of Congress, members of the President's Commission on the Holocaust, and American religious leaders." On December 19, five prominent Baptist leaders went to the Embassy and requested permission to see the families. Since the five were in Moscow for the Congress of the All-Union Council of Evangelical Christians-Baptists in the Soviet Union, they obviously had passed inspection by the Soviets, but American standards appear to be even higher. An Embassy official denied them permission to see the families. Six days later, Christmas Day, a member of the Embassy sought permission to see the families (except for about half a dozen members of the Embassy, all other Embassy personnel must first receive permission before they can visit the families). Once again the answer was no. These rejections are by no means unusual. Not once in all the months the families have been in the basement, the State Department letter to the contrary notwithstanding, has an American religious leader been granted permission to see them.

A few days before the clergymen were shown the door, four U.S. congressmen—Senators Roger Jepsen (R., Iowa) and David Boren (D., Okla.) and Representatives Jack Kemp (R., N.Y.) and Jim Howard (D., N.J.)—held a press conference to launch what Jepsen called a "national awareness campaign" on behalf of Christian dissidents seeking religious freedom and human rights in the Soviet Union. The campaign centers on two congressional resolutions. The first—S. Con. Res. 60—urges the Administration to communicate to Soviet rulers American abhorrence of their religious harassment of Christians and the restrictions on Christian emigration. The second resolution—S. Con. Res. 61—names forty individuals, from Soviet-occupied Lithuania to Yugoslavia, who have been persecuted.

The Vashchenkos and Chmykhalovs figured prominently in the press conference. Boren, who visited them during a recent trip to Moscow, said he has never been more inspired than he was by their courage. Since his return he has organized a letter-writing campaign on their behalf that has netted two thousand letters, and it is his hope that a similar effort can be mobilized on behalf of all Soviet Christians.

Howard, stressing that the congressional efforts on behalf of Christian emigration wouldn't interfere with similar efforts on behalf of Jewish emigration, suggested that Christian and Jewish groups should work together and said he looked forward to the day "when we have not two groups, but one united group."

In another congressional action, Representative Dornan has introduced a resolution stating that no grain or soybeans be exported to the Soviet Union until such time as the President reports that the USSR has ceased its religious persecution of Christians, Jews, and other religious groups. Dornan's resolution specifically mentions the sufferings of the Vashchenkos and Chmykhalovs.

It appears that the ordeal of the seven, and of all Soviet Christians, has at last registered on the American consciousness. As Bently Elliott wrote in *Human Events*, "The voices of imprisoned Christians . . . crying out so long in loneliness, pain, and despair, are finally getting through." Many people are responsible, but in a way perhaps Thomas Hutson and his State Department colleagues deserve most of the credit. It is their seemingly unshakable indifference that prompted Congress to mind what formerly was the State Department's business. □

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M. STANTON EVANS

Unhand Them Spooks

THE SOVIET INVASION of Afganistan has been a grim affair, but it has produced an unintended benefit for the United States: a return to reality, however fleeting, in our official vision of the cold war.

Exhibit A in this respect is not the Carter grain embargo or the projected boycott of the Olympics, however welcome these initiatives may be. It is, instead, a new determination in the Congress to restore our national intelligence and security agencies to some semblance of vitality. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

The nature of the problem is well-known to readers of this journal. For the past five years, liberal elements in Congress and elsewhere have been conducting a war of extermination against the Central Intelligence Agency, the FBI, and other security agencies of the government. As a result, the House and Senate internal security committees have been abolished outright, while the CIA and FBI have been hopelessly crippled by exposés and restrictive guidelines.

Minding the CIA's Business

Even worse than the congressional lynching bee has been the guerrilla campaign conducted against the CIA by former agent Philip Agee and his co-adjutors. Such magazines as *CounterSpy* and the *Covert Action Information Bulletin* have made it their business to savage the CIA at every possible opportunity, and to expose the identities of CIA case officers working overseas. In at least one instance, a CIA official subjected to such exposure has been murdered.

The cold war sympathies of these magazines are easily discovered. In *CounterSpy*, for example, CIA operatives are attacked as "latent criminals" engaged in "atrocities," who should be encouraged to return "to the human race." Operatives of the Soviet KGB or Cuban DGI are not described in similar fashion. A recent issue of *CAIB* contains a spirited defense of the Cuban ambassador to Jamaica against the alleged plottings of the CIA. These publications, all too clearly, are on the other side.

In the wake of Iran and Afghanistan, the continued assault against the CIA and other intelligence agencies has been more than our lawmakers can stomach. The previous mood of mindless hostility toward anything which smacks of covert action or counterintelligence has been replaced by a growing realization that, after all, there *is* a Soviet Union which *is* trying to do us in, and that perhaps we had better be tending to our defenses against it. One result is a developing consensus that the CIA must be restored to active duty, and that sanctions must be imposed against the unsavory likes of Philip Agee.

Protecting Agents

Suggesting the bipartisan nature of this sentiment is HR-5615, the Intelligence Identities Protection Act. This bill has the sponsorship of every member of the House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence—nine Democrats and four Republicans. As the title implies, it would prohibit unauthorized disclosure of the identities of CIA case officers, either by former CIA personnel with access to classified information, or by outside spokesmen who have set up shop to expose CIA operatives.

As might be expected, it is the latter provision that has touched off the most controversy—bringing protests from the ACLU and others that Congress is launching an attack on the First Amendment. A careful reading of the legislation, however, suggests that it has been thoughtfully drafted to safeguard the prerogatives of the press by requiring 1) that the government prove publication of agent identities occurs "with the intent to impede or impair the foreign intelligence activities of the United States"; 2) that the disclosure compromises classified information; and 3) that legal actions against disclosure occur after the fact, rather than through attempted prior restraint.

A related bill—HR-3762—has been offered by Representative Charles Bennett (D., Fla.). This legislation would authorize injunctive action against projected publication of agents' names and would implicitly extend protection to FBI operatives engaged in counterintelligence activities and counter-terrorism. A third proposal, offered by Representative Eldon Rudd (R., Ariz.), would also follow the injunctive approach, while prohibiting false identification of someone as a CIA case officer.

Protection of FBI as well as CIA agents is made explicit in HR-6316, submitted by Representative Bill Young (R., Fla.). Young's bill would also correct two other practices that, by common assessment, have badly hindered our intelligence efforts: it would repeal the requirement that the CIA report covert activities to no fewer than eight committees of Congress, limiting oversight to the intelligence committees themselves; and it would curtail foreign intelligence access to the workings of our government through the freedom of information act.

Over on the Senate side, companion legislation has been introduced by Senator Daniel P. Moynihan (D., N.Y.)—again with bipartisan support. This bill, S-2216, is co-sponsored by Republicans Domenici of New Mexico, Wallop of Wyoming, Danforth of Missouri, and Chafee of Rhode Island, and by Democrats Jackson of Washington and Nunn of Georgia. Like HR-6316, it would have the CIA report covert activities to the two intelligence committees, rather than to the present network of eight committees, 180 lawmakers, and as many staffers. Moynihan's bill would also protect CIA case officers from unauthorized disclosure of their identities, in the manner of HR-5615.

Given the current mood of Congress, one or another of these bills, or some admixture of them, would seem to have a reasonable chance of passage. If the reaction to Afghanistan is to be anything more than a detour on the road to detente, some such legislation should certainly be adopted. □

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Dangerous to Your Health

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

INSTITUTIONS do not retire, one thought—until Walter Cronkite, admitting mortality, did so. Dan Rather, his designated replacement as anchorman on CBS, is now to become one of the most important presences in American life, at a salary (it is said) of $8 million over five years, the better to complain about the profits of the oil companies.

There are 261 weekdays in a year, and allowing Mr. Rather thirty vacation days in each 261, I compute that Mr. Rather will be paid $6,927 for every telecast he makes. This is considerably less than the cost of each commercial.

The networks use public air. It is difficult, indeed, to know why public officials (or aspiring candidates) should have to pay for time on public airwaves. If candidates did not have to buy television time, they would not need nearly so much money in order to run for office. To wipe out monetary corruption, halt payments to television.

That, actually, is my moderate proposal. I have a more radical one: Do away with television news altogether; it is dangerous to public health. If you don't believe this, try omitting the television news from your daily life. Rely on newspapers. You will notice an immediate improvement in your physical well-being. It will do more for you than jogging.

The reason is obvious. Television does not *tell* you anything you could not learn more fully and in context from the papers and the best magazines. What, then, does television add? In a word, *impact*. To watch television news is to submit to wallops in the solar plexus. The moving pictures on the news are not pruned from reels of tape for the sake of calmness and objectivity. They are chosen for power. A "good visual" conveys every drop of emotion possible. What has emotionality to do with sound judgment?

In addition, certain kinds of emotion are customarily preferred to others. Television news is drenched with the desire to do good. The good guys are fairly easily spotted on television, and also the bad guys.

It is my happy duty every year, serving on the jury for the DuPont awards in broadcasting journalism, to screen the best of each year's submissions from news departments, including documentaries and segments (or wholes) of daily newscasts. At the end of each day's viewing, one feels that one has been punched again and again with *impact*, almost always in a good cause (reform the prisons, fight for better care in the mental hospitals, halt nuclear energy, loathe padded defense contracts, etc.). Reformers are the Alka-Seltzer of television news.

THE FAULT is not television's alone. The fault—and the virtue—lies in ourselves. It is part of the American metaphysic, as it is not (say) of the Southern or Eastern European metaphysic, to anticipate, nay even to *demand*, after some confrontation with evil, that the question be posed: "What can be *done* about it?" The soothing answer must include something effective, like starting a committee.

Whether effective or not, the ritual within our psyches demands hope for improvement. It would be intolerable simply to be shown a grievance or an evil. Our sense of reality could not bear it. *Something must be done about it now.*

Not for us resignation, the wisdom to accept what cannot be changed. "You'll never know until you try." It is a lovely failing, this terminal *felix culpa interminabilis*. Television is dangerous to the public health because it nourishes what is adolescent within us, blocking out the wisdom of maturity.

The third way in which television is unhealthy is that the camera always lies. It is not just that the camera sometimes lies. It is in its essence a mechanical instrument of mechanical illusion. Great cameramen are masters of artifice; their art is composition artlessly effected. To begin with, the studio walls and studio desks are fake. Then, too, meeting in reality someone one has seen only on television is, invariably, a shock. Television personalities once out of the lights are disgustingly ordinary. Dan Rather without CBS would be just another handsome Texas lawyer, full of whatever Texas lawyers are full of. For CBS he seems, well, clean, acceptable at Harvard, and official. Authority speaks through him.

The camera lies. Dan Rather's opinions are lifted up out of the crowd and become part of the consciousness of the entire nation-state. What gets through his skull gets through, what does not does not. *Televisatores inimici rei publicae*, so to speak: *Television figures, enemies of the Republic*. Their range constrains us. What they say is, is, even if it isn't.

Television is not faithful, either, to human presence. Wholly admirable persons are not attractive on television. Certain qualities of intelligence one loves face-to-face seem ugly on television. The camera does not permit every quality of human presence to show through. Some persons are telegenic, some are not. The camera—heaven forbid!—*discriminates*.

In a nice touch, the camera makes black faces seem more attractive, more radiant, less penetrable; it is harsher on white faces. The camera sees through white faces often; through black faces never. Black faces seem more gentle, more lovable, more supple, even when they glower as Jesse Jackson's does.

Television, in a word, alters what it transmits.

Try and see. Not watching television news reduces noise in one's soul, screens excitement and impact from the news, permits reflection, invites further questions. Compared to reading the news, watching television news quickens heart, blood, and passion. That is good for network profits. It is not good for the Republic.

I'm ready to join those whose inner sense of ritual demands the further question: *What can be done about it?* Something must be, lest we perish. □

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The Great Paradox

FRANCIS B. RANDALL

Russian Writers and Soviet Society, 1917-1978
By Ronald Hingley
Random House, 257 pp., $15

Ronald Hingley, the blurb tells us, teaches Russian literature at Oxford; he is the editor and translator of the nine-volume *Oxford Chekhov*, a biographer of Chekhov and Stalin, and an historian of Russia. Ronald Hingley, the blurb does not tell us, is a marvelous person who speaks Russian better than the natives, who has popped up here and there all over the Soviet literary scene for the last 25 years, and who once, with his colleague the late Max Hayward, masqueraded as a Soviet author at an international writers' conference at Edinburgh, where the pair eagerly consumed the tubs of whisky and official praise intended for Ilya Ehrenburg and Mikhail Sholokhov.

We should therefore expect a marvelous book, but have gotten a puzzling one. It is not a history of Soviet literature, and it contains no analysis longer than ten lines of any work of Soviet literature; and that is a very great pity. There are many incidents from the lives of Soviet writers, but no sustained treatment of any one of them.

Hingley's theme is the relation of Soviet writers—or rather, writers in Russian, whether pro-Communist or not, whether resident in the USSR or not—and Soviet society, which means mostly the Communist Party, but also the many shadings of opinion among other writers and the general reading public. The book is organized into many topical sections, each treated chronologically, so there is much unavoidable repetition. There is least on the greatest period of Soviet literature from 1917 to 1929, more on the horrors of the Stalin period, and most on the confused struggles since Stalin's death.

There are excellent and highly useful sections, especially in the last third of the book: on the doctrine of Socialist Realism; the Soviet Writers' Union; the methods of censorship and control; the actual process of getting a manuscript published and how a writer is paid (by length!); the importance of the three generations of émigré writers; the rise, since Pasternak had *Dr. Zhivago* published in Italy in 1958, of what Hingley calls Export Only Russian literature and how writers and even the police arrange to export it—and much more. There are also, for the sake of background, outlines of Soviet history, Communist Party organization, social classes and economic institutions, the status of minorities and women, and even descriptions of mountains, rivers, and climate, all of which is sound and concise, for Hingley is a learned man and a fine writer, but little of which is useful here, where it constitutes almost one-third of the book. In short, an excellent man has written a frustrating book.

Yet parts of this book are memorable and deeply moving. Hingley chooses to be soft-sell in his criticism of the successive Soviet dictatorships, but he obviously finds Communism to be false, horrible, and in very bad taste. His work is suffused with a quiet sympathy, in the best British tradition, for threatened freedom, culture, and decency. And he is writing about *Russian* literature—the most tormented and therefore, at its heights, the most darkly magnificent of all literatures—with perceptive compassion.

He wrestles with the great paradox: In Russia more writers have been murdered than anywhere else—the long line of martyrs that began with the Acmeist poet Nikolai Gumilyov (shot by Lenin, not Stalin), climaxed with Osip Mandelstam, and is not yet finished. Yet Russians, including many of the Communist murderers, respect and admire literature passionately, fear it when it is out of their control, and move heaven and earth in the futile hope of securing a great literature to further their

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own political/moral purposes. Hingley quotes Mandelstam: "Only in Russia is poetry respected—it gets people killed"; himself so soon to die.

More of the great paradox: Under such terrible blows, one would have expected Russian literature to collapse, as Chinese literature seems to have collapsed, but it never did. Many fine writers and some great ones, notably Mayakovsky, embraced the Revolution ecstatically and then suffered agonies of soul-tearing disillusionment, but they kept writing till the day of their suicides. Many fine writers sold their souls knowingly to the devil and then lived Dostoyevskian lives trying to preserve some pure places within and to do some decent deeds for fellow writers and human beings; but they kept writing. Hingley tells us most, in this category, about Aleksandr Fadeyev and Aleksandr Tvardovsky. And some, of course, survived by prolonged public silences, by being favored puppets in obscure political intrigues, by sheer absurd accidents, but they kept on writing and emerged with the world reputations of Pasternak and Solzhenitsyn.

Still more of the great paradox: Communism has not been simply the enemy of literature, inspiring it only by provoking passionate attack. Communism has also been—at different times to different writers—the bear-hugging promoter, the symbolic partner, the disease that causes the besieged brain to flare febrilely but brightly, the lunacy that leads to wild but authentic visions. Some of the greatest novels were written in Communist Russia. Russian poetry may be the greatest of the century. Is modern Russian literature less important than modern French, Japanese, or American literature? The horror and the heights are both true, both there. Hingley concludes, classically, by saying, "modern Russian literature represents by no means the least impressive, complex, and moving achievement of the human spirit. It has had its triumphs as well as its disasters. . . ." □

Collected Earlier Poems, 1940-1960
By Denise Levertov
New Directions, 133 pp., $9.50
Life in the Forest
By Denise Levertov
New Directions, 135 pp., $3.95

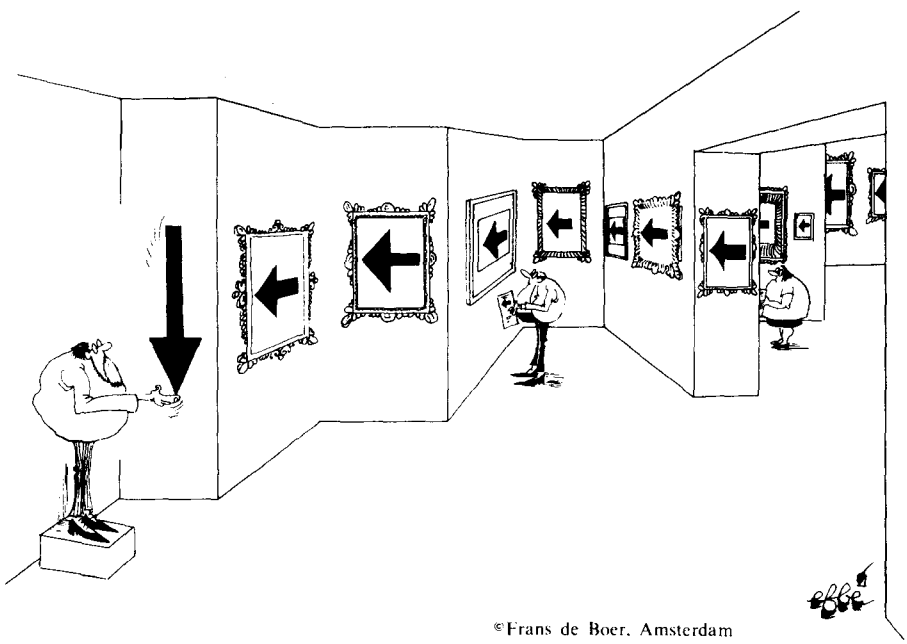
EMBRACING OLD GODS

N. E. CONDINI

Collected Earlier Poems—a selection from Denise Levertov's earliest English book, *The Double Image* (1946), and her three following collections, *Here and Now* (1957), *Overland to the Islands* (1958), and *With Eyes at the Back of Our Heads* (1960)—has appropriately just come out from New Directions as a complement to *Life in the Forest* (1978), allowing us to trace Miss Levertov's poetic development from its nervous English beginnings to the sensitive American balance of discourse and reflection. Composed for the most part in London in the Forties, the early and uncollected poems, tightly structured, already evince a desire for solitude and a celebration of the gifts of nature that are typical of the more mature Levertov. War is seen in them not as hatred or violence, but as mere lack of love, aridity of the spirit. What disturbs the writer is the boredom, the deprivation of wonder. In her Wordsworthian intimations she endeavors to survive, opposing inertia as if it were the real culprit, the root of many social evils. Mild intimations to be sure, but Miss Levertov's poetics does indeed start here, when she declares that "to write of miracles is easy." Beyond the imposture of war, she wants to touch the reality of love.

In *The Double Image*, a recurrent sense of loss prompts her to extemporize on death as not a threat but a rite to be accepted gladly and honored. This germ of a personal mythology burgeons in *Here and Now* with a fable-like aura added to it. Animated by the wildest zest for life, Miss Levertov listens keenly to "the humble rhythms, the falling and rising of leaf and star," where the falling is observed and treasured as much as the rising, death as much as life. What predominates, though, is still a predilection for bright colors and a call for the restoration in us of the animal quality of wonder. The thought of black as something terse, concentrated, and final is present only in "Ink Drawings" and "The Third Dimension," and it brings in a surprising note of honesty. As to the rest, the book is a hymn to "idiot" joy, which the poet still considers the best protection against the aridity of war and war's memories. Her weakness lies in a childish romanticism, which will be replaced later by a more substantial concision. Here the language is a bit too ornate, too flowery.

The quest for the real returns, even if feebly, in *Overland to the Islands*, together with occasional lapses into sentimentality. There is a strong, fresh presence of the maternal, best recalled in a beautiful poem on Wales, emblematic of the purity of nature. *With Eyes at the Back of Our Heads* continues this exploration. With polished style, Miss Levertov pries into things, objects, plants, to their last detail, their most



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RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST MARCH TITLES: *Words Words Words* (Scribner's, $12.95) by C. M. Mathews is a collection of interesting etymological essays. "We may run short of fuel, food, and water," Matthews observes, "but never of words." . . . Andrei Amalrik calls Varlam Shalamov's *Kolyma Tales* Norton, $9.95) "One of the calmest and most terrifying reports on the Gulag Archipelago by a survivor." . . . Walter Laqueur has turned novelist with his latest work, *The Missing Years* (Little, Brown, $10.95), about a Jewish family that hides out in, of all places, Berlin and manages to survive the Holocaust. . . . *Russian Art and American Money, 1900-1940* (Harvard, $17.50), by Robert C. Williams, is a fascinating book which describes the transfer of Russian art works to wealthy patrons in the United States. According to Williams, the Czars sold contemporary art to the Americans; after the usurpations of 1917, however, the Bolsheviks, who had little use for decadent, bourgeois, and imperialist treasures, began selling off the national artistic patrimony in exchange for factories and machinery. . . . *The Art of Literary Publishing: Editors on their Craft* (Pushcart, $15), edited by Bill Henderson, is composed of essays by various well-known New York publishers concerned about the commercialization of the American literary mills. . . . Michael Harrington's new book is called *Decade of Decision* (Simon & Schuster, $11.95), in which he likens the Eighties to the Thirties in social, economic, and political significance. Same old stuff, more or less. But if the capitalist system were working as ruthlessly as it is supposed to, obsolescence would long ago have caught up with this particular social critic.

■ ONE FOR APRIL: Nika Hazelton, who when it comes to literary prolificity is the Isaac Asimov of cookery, is coming out with yet another book, *American Home Cooking* (Viking, $14.95). —CW

hidden secret. This inward movement to the center of things, to the ultimate core, death, is her fullest achievement. There are warm intimacies here, but also meditations and Confucian analects. Most of all, there's an insistence on the need to watch nature as it incessantly recreates life. Nature is truth, says Miss Levertov, revising Keats. All the rest is false. This concept is taken up again in Miss Levertov's latest book, *Life in the Forest*, where the two main themes of the previous collection—mother and the forest symbol—stand for the inevitability of death and the permanence of creation.

In Tantra the pessimistic fear of desire and pleasure that characterized early Buddhism is seen as but another form of bondage; the emphasis is on being-in-life, without suppression of life forces but also without clinging or craving. *Life in the Forest* echoes that assertion throughout its five sections and, by depicting aspects of life and death, of decay and renewal, channels all thoughts and acts, including sex and the imagination, into spiritual growth. This vision enacts the gesture of Buddha touching the earth at the moment of enlightenment.

Life in the Forest reads in fact like a Zen meditation on our place in the world. It falls here and there into overrefined niceties, but it powerfully asserts itself in "Chekhov" and the poems dedicated to the death of the poet's mother in Mexico. Chekhov stands for "the most absolute freedom from violence and lying." He inspired Miss Levertov's engagement in antiwar demonstrations. He is the unseen, active moral force attacking the denial of life.

Miss Levertov's political commitment is subdued here, as is her resentment at the failure of a love relationship. What glows amber-like throughout the book is the concern of the poet for the brutality she sees about her. Even more than poetry-as-being, opposed to the narcissism of the self, the true heart of *Life in the Forest* is the slow death of the poet's mother. Chekhov's desire for rectitude and compassion links itself with the old woman's humble works—her journeying through the leaves of delusion to the life that never dies, the mani-jewel of Nirvana, that lies not apart from daily life, but at its core.

What we need to face reality, old age, and death is patience and disinterested love. Without our response to layers of human spirituality, the earth—our existence itself—is cruel and meaningless. At the end of the book we are left, like Miss Levertov herself, with the task of reorganizing our lives with the same attention to plain details exemplified by the poet's mother. It does not matter to Miss Levertov that her mother's garden, which took twenty years to grow, is full of weeds in a few days. Fire, water, wind, colors, the imaginative garden into which the poet plunges to recapture life are like the subtle, elusive beauty of human grief:

Gardens vanish. She was an alien
here,
as I am. Her death
was not Mexico's business. The garden
though
was a hostage. Old gods
took back their own. □

Uncollected Stories of William Faulkner
Edited by Joseph Blotner
Random House, 718 pp., $17.95

THE REST OF FAULKNER

M. E. BRADFORD

During the difficult years when he did much of his finest work and received very little credit for it, William Faulkner was best known to his American audience not for his novels, which did not sell, but for his short fiction. From 1930 until after World War II, Faulkner made a good portion of his living by writing short stories for the great popular magazines of the day. As we learn from his correspondence with agents, editors, and publishers, he produced with astonishing regularity new or revised work in what he called "the most demanding form after poetry." Altogether, in his lifetime, he published almost one hundred stories, the first in 1919, the last in 1955. And when his selection of the best of the lot, 42 stories in all, came out in 1950, that volume, *Collected Stories*, was greeted with general acclaim and flattering comparisons to the *œuvres* of such masters of the genre as Chekhov, Conrad, and James. It is therefore a considerable irony that this component of his total achievement fell into critical neglect and general obscurity with the emergence of his reputation as a novelist after he was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1950.

Certain Faulkner stories have, of course, never gone out of circulation. The textbook anthologies and retro-

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spective collections of "best stories" have continued to include the predictable "A Rose for Emily," "That Evening Sun," and "Barn Burning." And *Collected Stories*—along with *Knight's Gambit*, published the previous year—has remained in print, even while the audience for new work in the genre has steadily declined. Yet there has been surprisingly little commentary, little acknowledgment of the importance to his overall artistic development of the "unity and coherence and emphasis" that Faulkner achieved in these and other stories.

Furthermore, the rest of his published short fiction—the things not included in *Collected Stories* and *Knight's Gambit*—has survived only in the bound files of old magazines and in hard-to-find books: in obscure, out-of-the-way publications or in editions long out of print. Moreover, at the author's death in 1962, there were 13 essentially complete narratives left in manuscript, surviving but not conveniently available to students of Faulkner's career. With the *Uncollected Stories of William Faulkner*, Joseph Blotner, who has already written the authorized biography and edited a selection of the letters, completes the Faulkner canon and brings us toward a remedy of the situation just described. Though the book has its obvious commercial characteristics, and is painful after the fashion of all gathered literary remains, it was a job that had to be done.

THE FIRST half of *Uncollected Stories* is made up of twenty narratives which first appeared independently and were subsequently incorporated into Faulkner novels. We know the tales which they recount as chapters of *The Unvanquished*, *The Hamlet*, *Go Down, Moses*, *The Mansion*, and *The Big Woods*. The differences between the two versions of the narratives tell us a good deal about the aesthetic principles Faulkner followed in his revisions, and therefore about his craft: his attempts "to reduce the passion and beauty of being alive into something concrete that can be held in the hand."

In the second part of the book there are other examples of Faulkner's skill in concentrated rendering; these are from his ungathered or unpublished fictions. There are 12 of the former, 13 of the latter. With some of these stories it is the fact that they were *not* published or republished in Faulkner's lifetime which reflects favorably upon the taste and artistic judgment of their author (and/or his agents and publishers). Included here are some unmistakable apprentice works. Yet even in his lesser performances there are traces of the themes, forms, and traits of style which we have learned from *Absalom, Absalom!*, *The Wild Palms*, *Sanctuary*, *Light in August*, and the better short stories to expect from William Faulkner. And in "Thrift," "A Dangerous Man," and "A Portrait of Elmer," we do find some of Faulkner's characteristic humor.

Only two or three stories in this final group are exceptional. "Miss Zilphia Gant" bears comparison to the classic "A Rose for Emily." "Sepulture South: Gaslight" is a valuable cameo image of the "old order" in a moment of mourning and recollection. And "Race at Morning" is one of Faulkner's best, providing a correction in counterpoint to the sentimental reading of the character of Isaac McCaslin in "The Bear." These stories lead us back to the heart of Faulkner's achievement in this form—the stories of Indians, yeomen, and four generations of Southern women which are preserved in *Collected Stories*—and thus remind us of his place in the history of American fiction. But if there are only a few great stories in Blotner's edition, there are plenty of others as good as those which Faulkner had included in the earlier set. All in all, scholars as well as other devoted Faulknerians can be pleased by the appearance of this book. Faulkner once observed that he could not know where his muse would lead him when he began to write, whether toward story or novel, or toward novel out of story—"almost like lightning it begins to take shape." And we are glad to respect the mystery, to follow what it unfolds before our wondering eyes. □

TELEVISION

CAPITALISM AND FRIEDMAN

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Milton Friedman has been tirelessly making the case for capitalism on public television, in a series called *Free to Choose*. Public TV may seem an unlikely place for a free-market advocate, but then where is he needed more? You can't accuse Friedman of preaching to the converted; and as Dr. Johnson says somewhere, you can't call a man dishonest for doing what is generally accepted in his own society. More to the point, perhaps, it would be disingenuous for collectivists to argue that only collectivists should use collectivized media.

Howbeit, it's an excellent and stimulating show. Friedman is a tiny man, and his energy and enthusiasm and good cheer make him seem even smaller, giving you the arresting impression of being addressed by someone on the scale of Speedy Alka-Seltzer. No empyrean Galbraithian rank-pulling here. Friedman's demeanor never seems to imply that he knows more than you (even if he knows a thousand times as much); rather it suggests, in its buoyant directness, that if he can follow this stuff, there's no reason you can't too.

The first half of each show is a documentary film, narrated by Friedman, dealing with a specific topic. The second half is given to debate with people most of whom reject the free market and in some cases think Friedman is an exponent of a social order verging on the cannibalistic. Each show has a different cast; the interlocutors have included Nicholas von Hoffman, Albert Shanker, Robert Lekachman, Peter Jay, Michael Harrington, and Frances Fox Piven, as well as such outright Fried-

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nan allies as Thomas Sowell. The first part is fine, but the second half (doubtless in part because the first half is so provocative) amounts to one of the best talk shows television has ever had.

THE DOCUMENTARIES have so far gone to Hong Kong (to illustrate the virtues of capitalism); to India (to show the vices of socialism, which Friedman traces to the influence of an intelligentsia educated at the London School of Economics—a worse curse than imperialism); to New York (where Friedman lays the Depression to antisemitism); and to sundry other places, all of which seem to support Friedman's theses (what other kinds of places are there, come to think of it?). By the time he has conducted his genial tour, most of his guests are livid. Then the fun begins.

Mrs. Piven for instance kept spitting venom and snarling about poor people and Chile, which, as nearly as this viewer could figure, she blames the defects of on Friedman personally. She was particularly outspoken about how black people blame their oppression on capitalism, a point that had the misfortune to run up against Sowell, who is both far blacker and far brighter than she is, and who caustically advised her not to speak on his behalf without consulting him. That's advice a good many intellectuals could profitably take. I didn't quite get her point about Chile, except that Friedman had committed the sin of going there.

Such riffraff apart, the discussion remains civilized, with the star in his eager-teacher way batting down the sophistries of the guests, who tend to emerge as B-plus students—good, smart, worth encouraging, but with a lot to learn yet. Most of them, rather amazingly, seem never to have considered an economy except as something unitary, to be managed and divvied up by state experts. Nor do they seem able to conceive of people acting charitably except when organized and coerced by the state. The options are always statism or starvation. What an odd fallacy for *this* country, to ascribe to government as such properties of wisdom and capacities whose existence one denies in the people from whom the authority of government derives! To suggest that the people are callous and foolish but the state compassionate and wise is not only anti-libertarian but anti-democratic.

But there are a number of ways in which Friedman himself seems to invite question. He sometimes concedes too much to his opponents, and seems unable to justify freedom except as a personal preference which happens to be more efficient, from a utilitarian point of view, in producing wealth than are alternative systems. It would be interesting to see him pitted not only against people on his left but also against, say, libertarian critics—maybe his son, David Friedman?

Moreover, he accepts as a desideratum equality of results; he merely rejects statism as a means of achieving it. But what is desirable about equality of results? Is it even a coherent concept? If everybody wound up with a Stradivarius violin, that would be equality of results, of a sort. But not everyone would value such an instrument equally. Most couldn't play it; some wouldn't care to learn. The same is true of anything, including money. David Rockefeller can surely find more things to do with a million dollars than I could. When people are so incommensurate as individuals, it is idle to talk about equality of results. Any two people are likely to take very different kinds of interest in identical things. The value of anything depends on the purpose to which a given subject can put it.

Then too, equality of results implies that people are really interested in emulating each other. But this is true only of morbid and envious people, for the most part. Results, in the sense of income, are a poor measure of what people seek. One of the advantages of a free economy is that it makes possible certain *sacrifices* of income: a man can choose a job he likes, or a job that gives him leisure, in preference to one that pays better. Such a choice won't show up on any graph I know of, but it's one of the unsung luxuries of our system.

In his discussion of education too Friedman misses the chance to call in question a dubious concept. What we call education commonly means keeping children in buildings we call schools; what actually happens there and what ought to happen there are topics that want a lot more thrashing than he gives them, except to point out the obvious fact that many of the public schools aren't achieving anything visible. There is no reason to assume that we'd all agree on the value of their achievement, if there *were* some real achievement: the value of education too is subjective. That is, it must be gauged by the specific purposes of a rational person, not abstractly defined by reference to conventional "learning skills." By implicitly conceding that education is a simple and single thing, we give statists a wholly undeserved advantage, and raise doubts as to why there should be, in an ideal world, private or alternative schools.

FINALLY, Friedman seems wedded to a doctrinaire kind of individualism that suggests (perhaps without meaning to) that because the state has no interest in certain kinds of behavior, other people should take no social interest in them either. Maybe prostitution is none of the government's business; does that mean the rest of us should exert no moral, economic, or other pressures against it? People are naturally and rightly interested in the moral character of their communities, and conservatives (and libertarians) make a capital mistake when they seem to leave social concern to the socialists: one of the main arguments against socialism is that it vitiates society. Just as we have allowed the word "liberal" to be claimed by an illiberal set of people, we have permitted "society" to become a synonym for the state. It's worth bearing in mind that for Albert Jay Nock "social power" was the antonym of "state power."

Of course the question is how wise it is to challenge the premises of one's audience. Even when your real target is those premises, it may be best to begin simply by acclimating your listeners to an unaccustomed style of thinking. For that reason I'm unwilling to press my reservations too much, or to insist on them as objections to what is an altogether winning presentation. But when

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Free to Choose ends its run, maybe there could be a sequel, hosted by Ayn Rand. □

FILM

CUT-RATE MATURITY

JOHN SIMON

And then there is the pseudo-adult film—the film that looks reality in the face, only doesn't know two things: which way is reality and where is its face. Take, for example, Franco Brusati's foolish *To Forget Venice*. Nicky, an aging but still youthful homosexual, comes from Milan to the country house of his beloved sister Marta with his young lover, Picchio. Marta, a retired operatic diva, has brought up Anna as her daughter, and Anna, in turn, has taken in her underprivileged friend Claudia, who, eventually, became her mistress. The household revolves around the theatrical, gravely ill, drug-taking, but still energetic Marta, whom everyone calls "aunt," though she is aunt to no one.

The group goes to dinner at an outdoor inn; Marta is persuaded to sing for the clients, and she and Nicky even perform a dance. Nicky is accosted by the childhood chum he adored, now, depressingly, a petty-bourgeois paterfamilias. A proposed trip to Venice does not materialize, as Marta's illness worsens and she succumbs. The household becomes hysterical, but a senile maid regains her senses and keeps things going. Picchio, who quarrels with Nicky, finds Anna semi-nude in the attic and tries to have sex with her; even though she decks him out in female frippery, she can't go through with it. The ancient retainer reverts to senility and is packed off to her native village. Ostensibly to start a new life, Anna and Claudia go to Milan with Picchio, Nicky having decided, at the last moment, to stay at the country house to bury his youth, which he has finally outgrown.

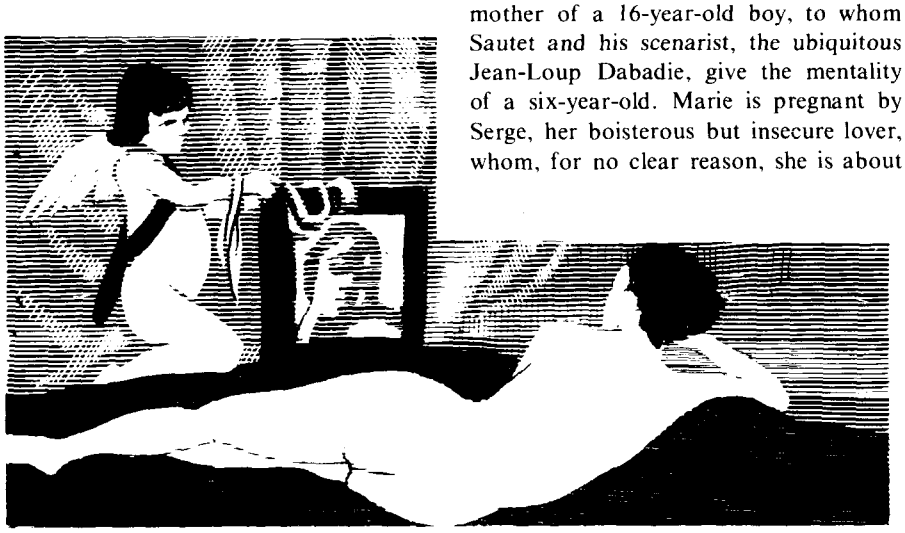
In the closing sequence, he eats his simple, hearty meal in the garden and discovers the crystal ball he long ago gave Marta as a birthday present; half buried in the ground, it has weathered many a buffeting. He lets it roll down a gentle slope; coming up against a tree, it smashes to smithereens. No crystal ball, veteran of years of exposure to the elements, would shatter at this unvehement encounter with a tree trunk. But Brusati wants a symbol, and a symbol does what it is told to do—though obedience hardly makes it good.

The same sort of arbitrariness, founded in stupidity, prevails throughout. We are to understand that homosexuality is a form of narcissism and refusal to grow up. How is this demonstrated? Anna and Claudia look somewhat alike, they frequently expose similarly copious breasts to each other, and they have become united in Anna's hatred for the parents who abandoned her. In a flashback, Anna gets the timid Claudia to join her in throwing eggs and darts at a picture of Anna's delinquent parents. In another flashback, Anna's mother disgusts her daughter with a mock suicide intended to induce the child to persuade her runaway father to return to his slatternly wife. This is presumed to explain how Anna and Claudia became lesbians.

NICKY'S worshipping of Marta is meant to be yet another example of arrested development. To explain Nicky's homosexuality further, there is a flashback of Nicky and his closest chum (the future paterfamilias) as choirboys, in a barn, looking at reproductions of famous nudes the chum has clandestinely acquired. Through a window, they spy on peasant girls bathing naked; the chum strips and chases after them with a huge erection only to be mocked and beaten, while Nicky is left behind to fondle his friend's cast-off robe. Obviously, such explanations explain nothing. Neither do such titillating episodes as the stat at sex between Picchio and Anna. Anc when the senile servant decides to lib erate her canary, and the bird, unsec to freedom, plummets to death on the courtyard's cobblestones, we have another symbol as preposterous as the smashed crystal ball. What points are being made?

The shattering ball means, I assume, that we must relinquish our immature clinging to childhood ways. But the caged bird's inability to fly must mean we cannot change our habits. Similarly, the old servant's relapse into dotage implies that there are remissions in life, but no cures. Yet Nicky's communion with nature and himself, and the serenity it brings to his expression, are meant to indicate the opposite. So much for the scenario Franco Brusati wrote with Jaja Fiastri, in which the dialogue is no better than the plotting. *To Forget Venice* is so bad that it even makes Brusati's previous, considerably better, *Bread and Chocolate* look worse in retrospect. Fine actors like Erland Josephson and Mariangela Melato are here either miscast or wasted, or both. The film attitudinizes incessantly: even its title tries to be symbolic and portentous. Instead, like the film, it is meaningless. Indeed, the very names of the main women, Anna and Claudia, are (perhaps unconsciously) lifted from *L'Avventura*. Yet this stumbling affair has walked off with most Italian cinematic awards, and is Italy's submission for the Oscar.

THE LATEST French contribution to pseudo-seriousness is Claude Sautet's *A Simple Story*, which is not so much simple as simple-minded. Marie, a forty-ish industrial designer, is the divorced mother of a 16-year-old boy, to whom Sautet and his scenarist, the ubiquitous Jean-Loup Dabadie, give the mentality of a six-year-old. Marie is pregnant by Serge, her boisterous but insecure lover, whom, for no clear reason, she is about



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o drop even as she is aborting their inborn child. The film shows her getting reinvolved with her ex-husband, Georges, high up in the company for which Marie works. Georges is now living with a very young woman who idores him; he enjoys, for a change, having an affair with his more mature ex-wife. Marie becomes pregnant by Georges just as one of his fellow executives, Jérôme, the husband of her best friend, Gabrielle, is let go by the firm. Jérôme proceeds to go to pieces and, though Georges tries to help him, commits suicide. Marie decides to break off forever with Georges, whom she unjustly blames for Jérôme's death; yet she decides to have his baby, which she and Gabrielle, who moves in with her, will bring up together.

Everything here, despite minute attention to physical details, is psychologically absurd. Why did the intelligent Marie and capable Georges get divorced? Why did she get involved with that odious pipsqueak Serge in the first place? (That he is played by Claude Brasseur, one of France's most unappetizing actors, does not help, either.) Why does she abort one baby and keep the other, even though she breaks off with both fathers? Why does Jérôme become, at one fell swoop, an utter loser, unable to avail himself of two perfectly good substitute jobs offered him? And why does Marie think that Georges, or anyone else, could help a person unarrestably sliding into suicide?

The minor characters make similarly little sense. There is, for instance, Anna, a colleague of Marie's, who had a seemingly very likable husband she divorced for no compelling reason. A scene in which she goes to pick up a child-support check from him is by far the most convincing and touching part of the movie. But Anna, we learn, is now sleeping with strangers for money. How does she manage this, and, above all, why? Presently she starts dating the ridiculous Serge, and we are given to understand that they are embarking on a happy, good relationship. How come?

It's no use that Sautet is able to show us office politics at work, meals in a company restaurant, people in large groups dining, arguing, and playing together, if he cannot convey basic human relationships without arbitrariness and absurdity. You might say that reality in his films decreases in a direct ratio to the number of people in a sequence. And the grandiose and bathetic score by Philippe Sarde proceeds to undo even what good the cinematography of the incomparable Jean Boffety and the authoritative acting by Romy Schneider and several others contribute to the film. One final specimen of factitiousness: on a grim morning after, Serge looks in the mirror and declaims: "*Le jour se lève; il faut tenter de vivre.*" This ignoramus paraphrasing (or even misquoting) Paul Valéry? Forget it—like Venice. And this film is the official French submission to our Academy Awards! □

ROCK

WHO'S GENERATION

JOHN BUCKLEY

The rock 'n' roll scene in Britain in the early Sixties was defined by the rivalry between Mods and Rockers. Mods, the sharp-dressing, motorscooter-riding fans of bands like The Who, Small Faces, and the Kinks, were popularizers of skinny ties, miniskirts, and the indiscriminate use of amphetamines. Rockers were leather-clad and crude; they wore greasy hair, rode motorcycles, and favored exactly those bands the Mods proclaimed outdated. The pitched battles between the Mods and the Rockers were solely over the superficial differences in the lifestyles that accompanied their respective tastes in music; for the two groups, with their violence, their drug abuse, and their casual exploration of sex, left an eventually melding legacy that today's youth embodies.

Word now comes from Britain that the country has been swept up in a Mod revival. It is fitting, then, that *Quadrophenia*—the rock opera about the original Mod scene, written by Pete Townshend of The Who, should finally be released as a movie.

Quadrophenia first came out as an album, in November 1973, and it represented a quantum leap for rock. With its songs linked by sound-snippets of rain and waves, screeching tires, radio reports, and whistling kettles, it had a cinematic effect. Accompanied by a dramatically photographed 45-page picture book and printed lyrics, *Quadrophenia* was an attempt to create genuine literature in an art form not previously overburdened with it. If fiction in the Sixties was threatened by the succinct storytelling of the three-minute pop song, suddenly here was an attempt to flesh out a full-length novel, as it were, with all the force of rock 'n' roll.

Thematically faithful to the album, the movie *Quadrophenia* is about three weeks in the life of Jimmy and his fellow Mods, focusing on their confrontation with a group of Rockers during a Bank Holiday. At the beach town of Brighton for the holiday, Jimmy is both depressed and exhilarated, the twin coins of his age. Showing off for Stef, the girl of his Mod dreams, he dives into a crowd of dancers, momentarily stealing attention from the Ace Face. The Ace Face is the apotheosis of Mod: he is the snappiest dresser and the best dancer, and his G. S. Scooter is decorated with more mirrors than a Filipino jeepney.

Later, after Jimmy and Stef have snuck off to make love away from the melee of fighting Mods and Rockers, Jimmy is arrested. He gets to ride to jail with the Ace Face; and, when the Ace Face offers him a cigarette, Jimmy knows that he has finally been accepted, has finally fit in. But he must pay for his new identity by losing his old one. First he loses his job. More importantly, because his mother has meanwhile found some amphetamines in his room, his parents kick him out. Worse still, in the movie's only cliché, his Mod girl treats Brighton as merely a laugh, not the ritual it was for him. Going on an amphetamine binge, Jimmy smashes his scooter. He ends up returning to Brighton, the scene of ritual, looking for answers, all the while going more and more out on a limb with drugs.

It is back in Brighton that his worst disillusionment comes, as he finds that the Ace Face—who, by the sheer fact of his being top dog in the Mods, should be exempt from the real world of dirty jobs—turns out to be a groveling bellboy at a luxury hotel. Jimmy steals the Ace Face's scooter and drives up to the nearby cliffs. As we see the scooter fly right over the edge of Britain, we are left wondering whether Jimmy made it off in time.

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It remains to be seen if *Quadrophenia* will send viewers back to the source or merely to the adulterated soundtrack album. It would be a pity if the original were forgotten, for it complements the movie wonderfully. Through the album we are made aware of Jimmy's increasing condemnation of those superficial standards groups use to choose their members. *"Why should I care / If I have to cut my hair? / I've got to move with the fashion / Or be outcast."* The farther he goes into the world of the Mods, accepting them at the cost of losing his parents, the more he condemns those very standards he is embracing. *"Why do I have to be different to them / Just to earn the respect of a dancehall friend?"* He grows disenchanted with the clothing rituals of working-class kids, the false individualism of wearing what is essentially a uniform, however unusual it may be. *"So how come the other tickets look so much better? / Without a penny to spend they dress to the letter."*

He knows that to survive, to have clothes and scooters and money for "blues" (the Mod drug of choice), you have to work. While he accepts this fact, he doesn't want to end up like the Ace Face. What signals his maturity is his ability to see Brighton as a ritual and, if you believe he survives the final scooter crash, to put it behind him. It is only at the end, at the sort of apocalyptic finale that accompanies overindulgence in any drug, that he is able to say, *"I've had enough of dancehalls, / I've had enough of pills."* When he finally accepts his need for love, as shown through one of Pete Townshend's most beautiful songs, "Love Reign o'er Me," Jimmy has articulated his ability to go beyond his peers.

Quadrophenia is accurate, and honest, and, like Pete Townshend, it never condemns. Townshend's journey was a lot like Jimmy's, from cheeky kid to mystical follower of the late Indian guru Meher Baba. By 1971, when *Who's Next* was released, Townshend had already rejected the drugs that were becoming more and more commonplace for even the youngest of his fans. The artist who said at an early age, "Hope I die before I get old," and who wrote a song called "The Kids Are Alright," had become a father by the time he wrote *Quadrophenia*, and, while understanding the anger of youth, was able to have Jimmy say, "My old man, he's really alright." The most telling line of *Quadrophenia* is sung by observer-participant Townshend when he says, *"I have to be careful not to preach. / I can't pretend that I can teach. / And yet I've lived your future out / By pounding stages like a clown."* □

The GIMLET EYE

DEATH OF A FOREMAN

D. KEITH MANO

There are windows in the lab room beyond my office. I praise them now; they still me. The windows don't look out to an enlarging world: they look in and down. To the factory floor of X-Pando Corp., where old ritual thumps and grinds. I see that a mixer has been tonguing cement over its round iron palate. Automatic can fillers dole out honest weight, nod, and prepare the next recipient. A *thing* will be made: one pound or five of useful powder. Writing, by comparison, is a conniver's trade: simile dickered away for idea: sound or meter sold out to sense. I am cheapened daily by the haggling. But, through my window, I can see that four dozen cases of pipe joint compound have been created: on first draft. For all my bargain-driving here I cannot express to you the heartdeep pleasure it will give me. There is a sweet finishedness that this ungainly paragraph can never have.

And, looking down, I would associate what was congruous and serviceable and whole with Eddie Brandon. Even at age six I did: when he taught me to run the can capper without making my thumb an ingredient. Our querulous pre-Truman machinery was complaisant, even servile, with him: maybe steel talks to steel in a gruff, chiding still-somewhat-Jamaican accent. Ed alone really knew the formulas (well, the *recipes*) through which our magic powder is inspirited. I might have been taller, yet Ed Brandon rose in front of me. It was his fashion to stare up, head far back, amiable yet cocky, the way some master electrician might from a manhole—you thought he would climb out and be six-foot-four and you got respectful just in case. And his strength, Lord, was imponderable. At age 71, after serious double-hernia surgery, he could throw hundred-pound bags of magnesium oxide as teenage children pillow-fight.

Ed was a corporation man: he loved X-Pando. As his ill luck would have it, though, X-Pando has been more family concern than corporation. Or, rather, it was not concern enough: family amusement is closer to the truth. Manos are, well, feckless and eccentric: our answer to salesmen who promise they can increase business is, "But then there'd be more *work*." Ed knew well enough that, for all the cement, we'd come unstuck without him. Heck, he had foremanned three and one-half generations of us: grandfather, father, uncle, cousin, sister, mother, me, my two sons. He understood, for instance, that Sis had hit on a marvelous record-retrieval system: stick each item under F for Filing, what else? My President Mother is continually in the process of office redecoration: to trap ultraviolet; to entice negative ions; to invigorate our tile grout through pyramid power; to uplift her collection of African violets by playing cheerful Swahili Berlitz records at it. Grandpa thought his own ashes, still warm from cremation, ought to be put in our largest mixer: a kind of morally reinforced concrete. Even the vicious corporate attack dog—whose sole function is to protect X-Pando from its vice president (me)—would cringe and temporize when Ed Brandon said, "Oh, quiet, you big fake." Over 31 years he had learned to distract us from foolishness: never to oppose: distract as you would a moron child from fire.

The vice president, I regret to say, exasperated him most particularly. I read while working. I hid from salesmen (and even an occasional customer) in the bathroom. I tended to conduct my office routine by dice throw: invoicing is seven, mail is eight or doubles, and so on: I like a little chanciness in my rigor. Ed might have forgiven this vaporous behavior, but it was his sovereign and unshakable judgment that I

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wrote fiction to avoid honest work. Year on year, autographed novel after autographed novel, and Ed would say, "Another one? Still wasting your time? If you concentrated on X-Pando maybe you'd do something important." Now and again the *New York Times Book Review* would agree with him.

One spring morning Ed walked up to my office: it was habitual. I inevitably felt like a second-grader inspected—hand front, hand back—for hygiene. Eddie stood: he would never sit in my presence, this man who had worked on his feet beside every male member of my family. I spoke: and then I saw him shudder: it was the vaguest trembling. I thought—I don't know why—that he had closed his eyes to make a wish. "Ah," he said. "Mmm—feel dizzy." And I felt numb: for Ed Brandon, such a confession of weakness before me—me of the unhardened palm—was as close to intimacy, to hugging, as we men, each proud in his own manner, would ever come. "It'll go, it'll go," he said. And it did. But for the first time he sat down in my office.

Next day my mother called Mrs. Brandon. Tests were taken: tumor, quick removal, radiation, chemotherapy: the usual awkward waltz steps we execute with that last partner on our dance card. Eddie did not complain. Cancer was frivolous, yet another eccentric, and you tolerated such things, if you could not teach them. But, to the last, he would worry for us. In our final phone conversation he said, "Do something good with X-Pando. That's where you belong."

I AM ALMOST persuaded. Sometimes, alone late at X-Pando, I step down into the factory and pick up a random can of pipe joint compound. To wonder: will this seal a sink in Brooklyn, hydraulic piping in Dallas, some ammonia line in Saudi Arabia? It is by genial commerce not by literature—that Americans touch. That has been our nature. We make things for each other. And, through his quarter-century-plus at X-Pando, Ed Brandon touched and made: shipment after shipment: each brought to a loading dock that abutted, in its small real way, on every place.

Death took receipt of him late one winter Saturday night. Typical enough: Ed never did personal business on company time. We closed down for the funeral to honor him. A waste, he would have told us: there was cement to be made. But this time, once anyway, we fools knew better. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE ECONOMICS OF THE TAX REVOLT: *A Reader, by Arthur B. Laffer and Jan P. Seymour (Harcourt Brace, 138 pp., paperback, $4.95).* This book may help ease the pain of any economics student stuck with Samuelson. Designed as a supplementary college text, it is a collection of essays commenting on that marvelous movement to cut taxes. Many of the pieces are incisive reprints from the *Wall Street Journal*, whose editorial page became a major forum for the debate. Irving Kristol is included; so are *Journal* writers Jude Wanniski and Paul Craig Roberts, Harvard professor Martin Feldstein, and USC professor Arthur Laffer (the book's co-editor and the namesake of the Laffer Curve). These are the advocates of what has become known as "supply-side economics"—a fancy name for a markedly freer economy, for more incentives to produce. They are pitted against the Keynesians—including Walter Heller, for instance—who actually believe that people will keep working harder and investing more no matter how much they are taxed. The essayists collected here debate the Kemp-Roth tax-cut bill, the Laffer Curve, Proposition 13, capital-gains taxes, and President Carter's original energy plan. It is more or less a rout. PAUL A. GIGOT

DARKNESS VISIBLE, *by William Golding (Farrar, 265 pp., $10.95).* Although we all know we are sinners, we tend to take an ambivalent attitude toward the exposure, either on film or in print, of children as the wards of Satan, warlocks, and other demonic beings. Although the idea of the innocence of childhood is all too frequently belied by experience, we still yearn to think of it as a paradise lost. William Golding in *Lord of the Flies* wrote of a group of choirboys, the epitome of cherubic innocence, reverting rapidly to savagery once the constraints of civilization were removed. *Darkness Visible* is another account of evil and goodness in children as they become adults. A mysterious child, horribly burned in the London blitz, grows up feeling an urge to warn of evil and to protect the innocent. In the disintegrating world of Golding's morality tale, paradox is all—apparent darkness (the mysterious Windgrove hides his scars under a large dark hat) represents goodness, and dark, virulent evil is concealed in the beauty of the Stanhope twins, who delight in terror and crime. Unlike *Lord of the Flies*, however, *Darkness Visible* fails as a novel, and we are left unmoved by the lonely odyssey of Windgrove, whose darkness visible "served only to discover sights of woe." Golding is no Milton. Paradise is still lost, and we are left uneasy with the metaphor of the fall. JUDITH CHETTLE

IN THE SHINING MOUNTAINS, *by David Thomson (Knopf, 268 pp., $10.95).* David Thomson had always considered his true calling to be that of mountain man, and so one day he packed up his gear and headed west in search of "wide open spaces and freedom." Instead of wide open spaces and freedom, he finds himself working as a motel night clerk in Denver, a city he considers a "miniature Los Angeles with rabies." *In the Shining Mountains* recounts the sometimes hilarious, often poignant, adventures of this would-be mountain man as he finally escapes from Denver in an aging vehicle (which he pretends is the mule a real mountain man would have ridden) and wanders the Rockies from Taos, New Mexico up to the Bitterroot Mountains of Montana in search of wilderness where he can "put up a cabin back on some little creek, put a pack on my back, and make it on my own in the mountains." Thomson soon discovers that elk and Indians have been replaced by Porsches and Mercedes-Benzes, and that the only true wilderness left is in state and national parks guarded by smiling rangers who threaten a jail sentence for building a cabin on park lands. Bitter, angry, and disillusioned, Thomson plans three separate survival trips into the most rugged areas of remaining wilderness to prove to himself that he is a true mountain man. One of his wilderness treks almost proves fatal; but survive he does. The description of these journeys makes the book more than worthwhile, for Thomson's writing is crisp and clear and beautiful. This is a book that will appeal to all who have been saddened by the violence done in the name of progress. NORMA B. HAWES

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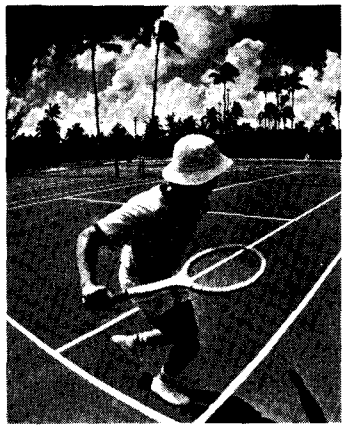

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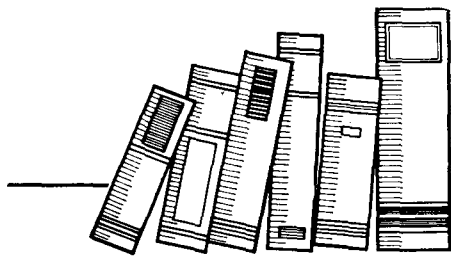

Dark Horses

DISCUSSION OF the energy crisis usually treats it as a problem to be solved by application of a policy. In fact, the crisis *is* a policy—and a successful one, at that.

The purposeful nature of the energy shortage is apparent from the array of federal regulations that restrict our access to otherwise plentiful fuel supplies: price controls on oil and natural gas, restrictions on the production and use of coal, slowdown on the development of nuclear power. It is even more apparent in the stated goals of those who guide our national conduct in such matters.

The scenario is sketched for us by James A. Weber, a specialist on population and environmental issues, in *Power Grab* (Arlington House, $12.95). Weber pins our energy problems onto the "small is beautiful" and "soft energy" claque who hold that large-scale production of oil and nuclear power is evil. Their preferred approach, the author demonstrates, is to re-orient our economy to conservation, local and personal energy systems, sunbeams, and windmills.

Behind this movement is the counterculture belief that "hard" energy systems rape and despoil the earth, throwing man out of harmony with nature. The author traces the spread of this idea from such as E. F. Schumacher and Amory Lovins to a host of environmental, consumerist, and conservation groups, and ultimately into the Carter Administration, which has appointed soft-and-small proponents to key positions in the Federal Government.

Among their other accomplishments, the soft-and-smallers have generated a host of lawsuits and regulations to stop development of nuclear plants, stall construction of refineries, prevent leasing of lands for energy exploration, and prohibit the mining and burning of coal. In fact, there is hardly an aspect of energy production required for our economy that has escaped the reach of their campaign.

What it all adds up to is a Morgenthau plan for America—a scheme to return us to a pastoral state, relying on energy sources that were prevalent before the Industrial Revolution. That such a change would involve horrendous economic costs seems not to bother the soft-and-smallers, since most of them are upper-middle-class word-spinners who don't have to worry about making a living in the industrial economy. Weber has done an excellent job in showing exactly what they are up to.

A second publishing blow against the counterculture comes from a totally unexpected source—the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. HEW's National Institute on Drug Abuse has brought out a monograph entitled *Parents, Peers, and Pot* (NIDA Clearing House, 5600 Fishers Lane, Rockville, Md. 20857; free)—an admirably concise, and downright frightening, discussion of the marijuana problem. This is one of a series of documents issued by NIDA in recent months, signaling a dramatic change in official attitudes about the hazards of the drug.

THE AUTHOR of this pamphlet, Marsha Manatt, lays out the most recent scientific findings on marijuana—most of them refuting the usual trendy statements on the subject. Among other things, she tells us, the drug accumulates in the body, causes serious problems in mental functioning and performance of psychomotor tasks such as driving, can be injurious to the heart and lungs, contains more carcinogens than tobacco, may reduce the body's resistance to disease, may cause brain damage, has negative psychological effects, and can interfere with reproductive functions.

Unfortunately, she concludes, these facts about marijuana have been obscured by the campaign for decriminalization—which has communicated to millions of American young people the idea that pot is a harmless, if not beneficial, substance. There could be no better corrective for such erroneous notions than this well-documented study.

—M. STANTON EVANS

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DE CAMARA

(Continued from page 353)

Butler of the ICJ concurs: "I think everybody realizes that things got a lot better, but nobody seems to want to talk about it. I guess it's not fashionable."

THEY'RE REBELLING against the government, hundreds have been executed by firing squads, and political prisoners anguish in jail. In the provinces, a wave of psychological terror has been unleashed. Iran in the days of the Shah? No, Iran today.

From newspaper accounts, human-rights groups, and well-placed Washington sources who stipulate anonymity, here is a thumbnail sketch of the Ayatollah's land, with respect to killings, imprisonment, and torture:

As of late January, "close to eight hundred known executions" had taken place under Khomeini, far exceeding the number in any like period of the Shah's rule. The victims include mainly dissident tribesmen, former generals of the Shah's army, and SAVAK agents, but also pimps, prostitutes, and rapists.

Reports received in Washington on the number of political prisoners range from ten thousand down to 1,500. The best guess is "several thousand." In one amnesty, Khomeini let go three thousand—more than the total number the Shah had behind bars in his final year.

Hundreds of revolutionary militiamen and tribesmen—perhaps as many as two thousand or more—have died in battles as the central government attempts to crush separatist movements in Iran's provinces. One Washington source says the Khomeini regime has instituted a "campaign of psychological terror" in outlying regions aimed at keeping the ethnic groups in line.

"Beatings by the revolutionary committees are very, very commonplace," says this source. Other elements of repression and terror include death-threat letters to influential newspaper editors, summary arrests of foes, and the seizure of suspects' families to flush out fugitives. There have been few allegations of SAVAK-type tortures, and even these few are being discounted. □

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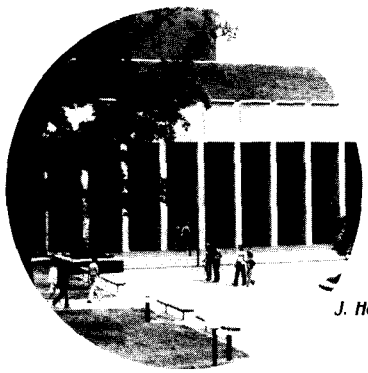

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Reflections on The Institutionalization of Pride

On The Right

New York, Feb. 20—A great deal of copy is devoted, during presidential campaign years, to analyzing the character of the major participants, but never enough, in my judgment, to the strange acceptance by society of the X Factor; that factor is the communicability of pride. We know that pride is listed as among the seven deadly sins. So that it ought no more to surprise us, say, that Mr. Carter is a prideful man than it should have surprised us when, in 1976, he confided (if that is the right word for it) to *Playboy* that he experienced lust. What is strange isn't that Mr. Carter wants to be President another four years; it is strange that armies of men and women are devoting themselves to keeping him in office. It is pride that causes him to wish to stay in the White House. What is the X Factor that makes so many people collude in that venture in pride?

Loyalty? There are two kinds, personal and institutional. The first is very easy to understand, and that in the case of Mr. Carter as in the case of almost everybody probably would amount to a few hundred people at the most, who have experienced Mr. Carter at a personal level and have grown so devoted to him as to desire that he should achieve what he wants. To be sure, among these are the job seekers whose own professional futures depend on the success of their prince; but leave that factor out for purposes of this analysis. Institutional loyalty derives from a sense of fidelity to policies with which the prince is identified. In the case of Carter, this loyalty, if analyzed, is mostly negative in character. That is to say, the pro-Carterite is probably best understood as someone who is anti-Republican, and anti-Kennedy. But we have not entirely isolated our X Factor.

Let us attempt it in the matter of Senator Kennedy. As we analyze *his* situation, it becomes progressively clear that he is a personal liability to his own cause, which, in the American spectrum, we can identify as, roughly, the Left cause: that of socialism at home, appeasement abroad. Those Americans who desire to promote such policies naturally look about for someone who can serve as a vehicle for them. The advantages of Senator Kennedy have been deemed to be the wide recognition of his name, a charismatic quality that suggests he would do well in the polls, and a defensible record (from the Left point of view) in the Senate.

BUT WHEN it transpired that Senator Kennedy was not an effective candidate—both because he was mistrusted personally and because he proved maladroit in pressing the advantages of his policies—nevertheless the support for him continued among the substantial legions of his followers. Why? The X Factor. Personal loyalty to the Kennedy family can account for the association with the Kennedy-for-President movement of Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and John Kenneth Galbraith, whatever their private dismay over their prince's shortcomings. But what about the others who, although they would not so analyze it, find themselves laboring to sustain the pride of Teddy Kennedy? Why? You can still be friends, after all. You don't need to make him President.

Or—a third try—let us take the case of Ronald Reagan. A great deal of the Reagan vote is given him for presumptive reasons. I.e., it is he who next to Barry Goldwater has been saying the correct things over the longest period of time to the largest political audiences. Reagan was there in 1964, delivering the most effective anti-Johnson speech. He was there in 1968, backing Nixon after himself losing the nomination. He was there in 1972, delivering the most effective blast against McGovernism at the Miami convention. He served two successful terms in office as governor of California, and he challenged Ford as insufficiently rigorous, very nearly unseating him. He is an accomplished orator and an amusing and likable man.

But—there are signs that he is losing some of his public. Almost certainly because of the question of age. Now, that apprehension may or may not have objective merit: but it is the perception that matters. Do a critical number of Republicans who have been backing Reagan as the presumptive heir to the Republican throne believe that the country is better off with a younger man? We know, with the diminution of his strength in the polls, that this thought has governed the thinking of some Republicans. If enough of them are moved, what then would keep Reagan in the race? Pride, one supposes. Plus a continued support of him generated by the X Factor. And here we espy the phenomenon, namely the reciprocal exchange between the candidate and his followers. They stick to him because of that peculiar loyalty, and he stays in the race in order to repay that loyalty.

We would do better to dilute the X Factor. It tends to fortify a pride that can become a plague. □

THE FTC'S WAR ON SUCCESS

New York, Mar. 2—Whittaker Chambers remarked when the USSR first launched its Sputnik that "the Soviet Union can orbit a satellite, but can't make shredded wheat." We can do both. We've been neglecting military technology in recent years, but the cereal industry is healthy, which is something of a miracle considering the efforts of the Federal Trade Commission. The FTC is engaged in something of an endurance contest to make of itself the biggest administrative ass in America. For eight years now it has been pursuing three cereal companies—General Mills, Kellogg's, and General Foods—demanding (get this) that they a) break up into smaller units, and b) license just anybody who wants to manufacture and distribute their most popular brands. This is on the order of telling MGM and Columbia Pictures to break up into smaller producing units, and turn over their inventory to anybody who wants to copy and distribute it.

The reasoning of the FTC, if one can credit these gentlemen with anything more than sheer fissiparous passion against large

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ompanies, is that the three cereal makers onstitute a creature called a "shared ionopoly." This invention of the FTC ould have been stopped at the door by ie Bureau of Standards. Monopolies are xclusive. *Monos* means alone. You *can't ave* shared monopoly any more than you in have shared uniqueness. What the TC can't stand is that three cereal anufacturers sell 82 per cent of the ereal sold. So? The figures are comparale in outboard motors, electric lightbulbs, utomobiles, baking powder, chewing gum, ousehold washers . . . What's the matter ith that?

Well, says the FTC, this phenomenon s accomplished by something called "prodct proliferation." Product proliferation ses up shelf space. By creating a lot of roducts, these companies use up shelf pace that might otherwise be used by ther cereal makers. The point is as true s it is vacuous. If Harold Robbins ocupies the whole of the window space of bookstore, then that space is not availble to other authors. Do we tell Robbins o write fewer books? (I am resisting a emptation.) Isn't the quarrel, really, with he consumer?

If 82 per cent of the housewives ask for he products of three cereal companies, why do we get sore at the cereal companies? The cereal companies have already spent $20 million defending themselves in this preposterous litigation—which could go on another eight years. The FTC has probably spent a similar sum of money. It would have been far better to take its twenty million tax dollars and start up a cereal company to go out like a man and persuade the kiddies to buy FTC Baloney-Enriched Yum-Yums. But the people at FTC are proud, not to say vain; and they press on, motivated by that masochistic American bias against business success that grows out of those of our law schools that are substantially dedicated to the proposition that to succeed in business is—evil; and that that which is evil ought to be unlawful.

"If the FTC is not standing anti-trust law on its head," Professor Yale Brozen of the University of Chicago has written, "I simply do not understand what the law says. The words [from the Sherman Act] 'Every contract, combination, or conspiracy in restraint of trade is hereby declared to be illegal' say that it is *restraint* of trade that is in violation of the law." But nobody has charged the cereal companies with any attempt to restrain trade. To bring out a wide range of products is to seek to satisfy many people of diverse tastes—hardly a restraint on trade. The cereal companies compete vigorously against each other. The implied notion that the consumer would pay less for cereals if the large cereal makers were broken up is contradicted by historical experience—in meat packing, in automobile manufacturing, in sugar refining, in can manufacturing.

No, it is not pleasuring the consumer that the FTC has in mind. Rather it is the war against bigness, success. An FTC staffer, Charles Mueller, is recorded as having said, back in July of 1970, "I didn't pick the auto or petroleum industry, because they have too much political clout. The cereal industry didn't have the political muscle to muddy the waters." If we continue to live by the rule of law, you shouldn't need political clout. All you should need is the Constitution of the United States, which no doubt the FTC looks on with great suspicion inasmuch as it occupies *all* of the shelf space in the inner sanctum of our Republic. □

THE COMMISSION THAT LOST ITS HEAD

New York, Feb. 28—The decision by the Federal Communications Commission to strip RKO of its television licenses has engendered less comment than one would expect for reasons an optimist would find reassuring. Namely, that the lunacy of the one-man majority doesn't have a chance to stand up in the courts, under appeal. We'd like to take it for granted that we live in a society in which a regulatory body doesn't have the authority to levy what amounts to a $600-million fine against a company for breaking a law that doesn't even carry a criminal sanction. The *Wall Street Journal* editorial on the matter comes to the grim conclusion that the decision was politically motivated: i.e., that the chairman of the FCC is an old-line Boston Democrat who did service for years under the majority leader of the Senate and then the majority leader of the House, before getting his appointment. By contrast, the *Journal* points out, the president of RKO served as head of the USIA under Richard Nixon.

My judgment is that although we live in a highly political world, things have not got quite that baldly bad. I.e., service under Nixon as head of the USIA isn't likely to bring retribution by a Democratic Administration in the form of a $600-million fine for clerical misbehavior. What we see, rather, is the flowering of bureaucratic arrogance, and the rank abuse of power motivated in considerable part by the denigration of business.

Although as one of the three dissenters, Commissioner James Quello, pointed out, there were no residual judicial charges against RKO when the FCC acted—the FCC's own Administrative Law Judge had ruled the licensee qualified; the Justice Department and the SEC had long since settled with RKO—let us for the sake of argument hold RKO guilty. Of what? Of collusively acting, with its parent company, General Tire and Rubber, to get business for the television stations in return for doing business with General Tire. The slender majority of the FCC argues that a "character" disqualification therefore entitles the FCC not to force RKO to sell its licenses, but to confiscate the licenses.

One month before the decision was reached Charles Ferris, the chairman of the FCC, was on television with me, and I touched on the RKO case. Mr. Ferris stated that since RKO's case was pending, he could not talk about it, so we drifted into the hypothetical mode . . .

Mr. Ferris: "[After all], what was paid for those licenses [by RKO] was zero. There was some capital expenditures made from the standpoint of putting up a transmitter and putting up some bricks and mortar and being able to get a marketing strategy to go out and sell the time to advertisers to put—"

Questioner: "What Leonardo da Vinci paid for the paint with which he did the *Mona Lisa* was probably a buck."

Mr. Ferris: "[Most television stations are a] network spigot, and anyone can turn on a spigot. So from the standpoint of saying that we have tremendous originality and tremendous self being given, I mean it's—"

Questioner: "Bill Paley didn't just turn on a spigot. He's a bloody genius."

Mr. Ferris then insisted on a distinction between *network* officials and *station* officials. The former can be said to have built up their assets, the latter simply turn on the tap.

But Ferris, defending the proposition that an offender should be stripped of the station instead of merely being ordered to sell it, added: "Those are the risks of getting into this business."

Indeed, *The Economist* of London, affronted by this act of piracy, reminds us that Westinghouse had engaged in activities similar to RKO's, as also General Electric. The RKO decison was flatly unprecedented, and the courts, one assumes, can safely be counted on to rule that the due process clause, perhaps in some combination with the restriction against cruel and unusual punishment, is sufficient warrant to overrule the one-man majority whose vindictive caprice puts one in mind of Lord Percy of Newcastle's observation a generation ago that the genius of socialism is that it maintains its subjects in a perpetual state of insecurity. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Millions of people are involved in this outburst — 24 42 56 92 103 113 9 136 156 179 / 186 5 60 85 166 33 191 202 72

B. A phrase from the burial service — 32 53 161 170 175 38 77 137 147 188 / 13 54

C. The London subway — 84 65 109 119 143 183 194 26 150 69 / 213

D. A sky-blue color — 94 19 27 68 106 138 151 116 189 36 / 88

E. A town on the Somme R., France — 107 1 91 158 75 22 37 67 79

F. This won't hold up a wheat grower's trousers — 41 168 55 198 120 153 82 206 146

G. Fulton J. Sheen's book, *Way to* _____ — 185 90 112 126 159 57 71 196 203 44

H. She barely made it in show business — 200 31 184 63 18 29 89 96 105 114 / 128 142

I. Pushed to excess — 10 15 28 45 59 62 74 78 35 99

J. To sin — 3 212 123 145 133 86 148 165

K. A type of triangle — 16 201 98 171 70 117 154 162 209

L. A backward team of horses — 20 4 124 118

M. Initials, such as C.A.B. for Civil Aeronautics Board — 52 135 163 100 127 2 23 132

N. Backward people invented this club — 152 102 172 47 164 177 66 192 8

O. Where you would eventually arrive if you kept going west — 11 25 181 40 49 73

P. Stretches to excess — 64 43 76 81 130 155 174 193 51 111 / 190

Q. A fruit, the name of which means *gold orange* — 180 129 97 149 167 205 87

R. New York Giants outfielder, 1936-1938 — 122 93 101 110 30 48

S. A group that politicians kowtow to — 134 50 12 182 139 210

T. A city in Ukraine, on the Bug R. — 157 208 140 199 178 160 131 14

U. Guided by one's own set of values — 204 7 46 61 80 95 104 125 144 169 / 187 195 207

V. Newts — 58 173 141 197

W. A system by which businessmen become unpaid taxgatherers — 34 115 121 39 176 211 17 21 6 108 / 83

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the end of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 370 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 E	2 M	■	3 J	4 L	5 A	6 W	7 U	8 N	■	9 A	10 I	11 O	■	12 S	13 B	14 T	15 I	16 K
17 W	18 H	■	19 D	20 L	21 W	■	22 E	23 M	24 A	25 O	26 C	27 D	28 I	29 H	30 R	31 H	■	32 B
33 A	■	34 W	35 I	36 D	37 E	■	38 B	39 W	40 O	■	41 F	42 A	43 P	44 G	45 I	46 U	47 N	48 R
49 O	50 S	■	51 P	52 M	53 B	■	54 B	55 F	56 A	57 G	58 V	59 I	■	60 A	61 U	62 I	63 H	64 P
65 C	66 N	67 E	■	68 D	69 C	70 K	71 G	72 A	73 O	74 I	75 E	76 P	■	77 B	78 I	79 E	80 U	81 P
82 F	83 W	84 C	85 A	86 J	87 Q	88 D	89 H	90 G	■	91 E	92 A	93 R	94 D	95 U	96 H	■	97 Q	98 K
99 I	100M	101R	102N	103A	104U	105H	106D	■	107E	108W	109C	■	110R	111P	112G	113A	114H	115W
116D	117K	118L	■	119C	120F	121W	122R	123J	124L	125U	126G	127M	128H	129Q	130P	131T	■	132M
133J	134S	135M	136A	137B	138D	■	139S	140T	141V	142H	143C	144U	145J	146F	147B	■	148J	149Q
150C	151D	152N	153F	154K	155P	■	156A	157T	158E	159G	■	160T	161B	162K	■	163M	164N	165J
166A	167Q	168F	169U	170B	171K	■	172N	173V	■	174P	■	175B	176W	177N	178T	179A	180Q	181O
182S	183C	■	184H	185G	186A	■	187U	188B	189D	190P	■	191A	192N	193P	194C	195U	196G	197V
198F	199T	200H		201K	202A	203G	204U	205Q	206F	■	207U	208T	209K	210S	211W	212J	213C	■

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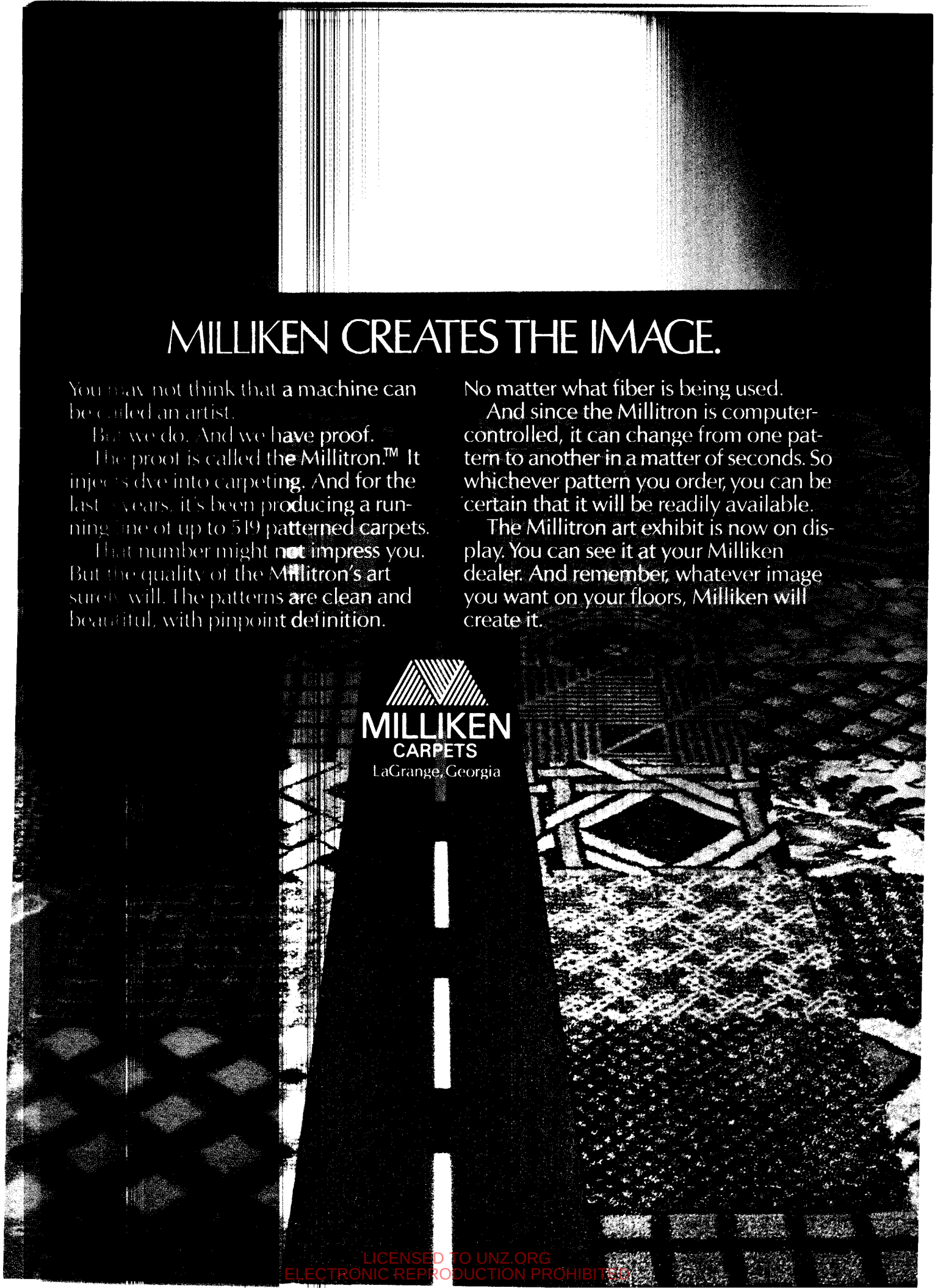

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The proof is called the Millitron.™ It injects dye into carpeting. And for the last 5 years, it's been producing a running line of up to 519 patterned carpets.

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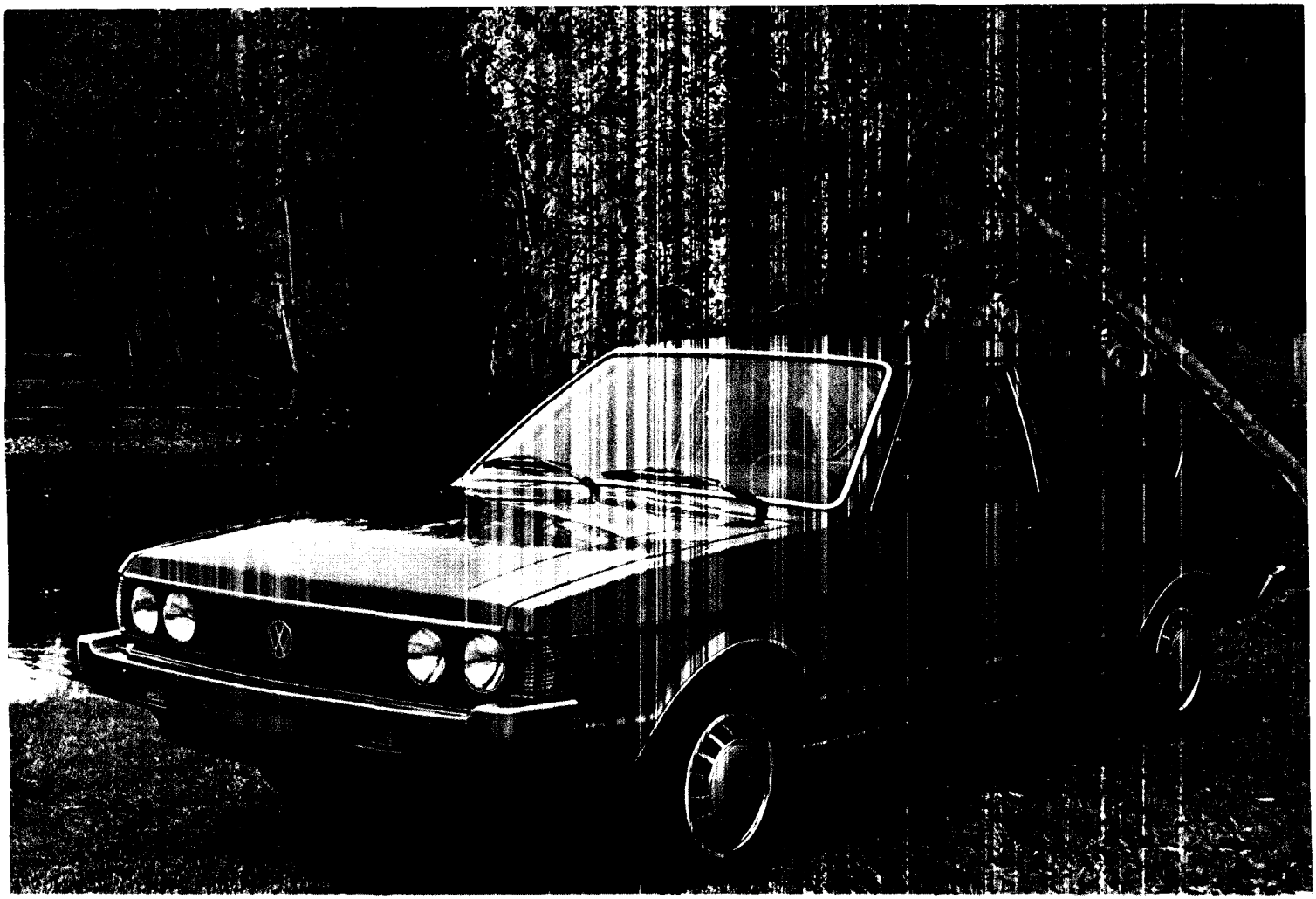

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The Volkswagen Dasher isn't a down-sized something else. It wasn't wrenched into shape overnight.

It's exactly the size we had in mind, and so we've had plenty of time to make it more of a car instead of less.

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The Dasher Diesels deliver an EPA estimated 36 mpg and an extraordinary 49 mpg highway estimate. And the gasoline engine is no slouch, either, with 23 estimated mpg, 35 mpg highway estimate. Use "estimated mpg" for comparisons. Mpg varies with speed, trip length, and weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be less.

Don't go away. There's more performance than you thought: a gasoline Dasher Sedan will propel you from 0 to 50 mph in only 8.1 seconds*, quicker than a few "sportscars."

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More luxury than you thought: the carpeting in every Dasher is really plush and really everywhere. The AM/FM stereo radio is standard. So is the electric rear window defogger. The steel-belted radials. The quartz clock.

There's nothing cheap about the Dasher, including the price. But the fit and finish are equal to just about any car made.

The only thing you give up are some old-fashioned ideas about what a car ought to be.

*Dasher Diesel Sedan 0-50 mph in 13.0 sec.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

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